

The Meaning of Moody

By

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THE MEANING OF MOODY





ON THE AUDITORIUM PLATFORM
EAST NORTHFIELD

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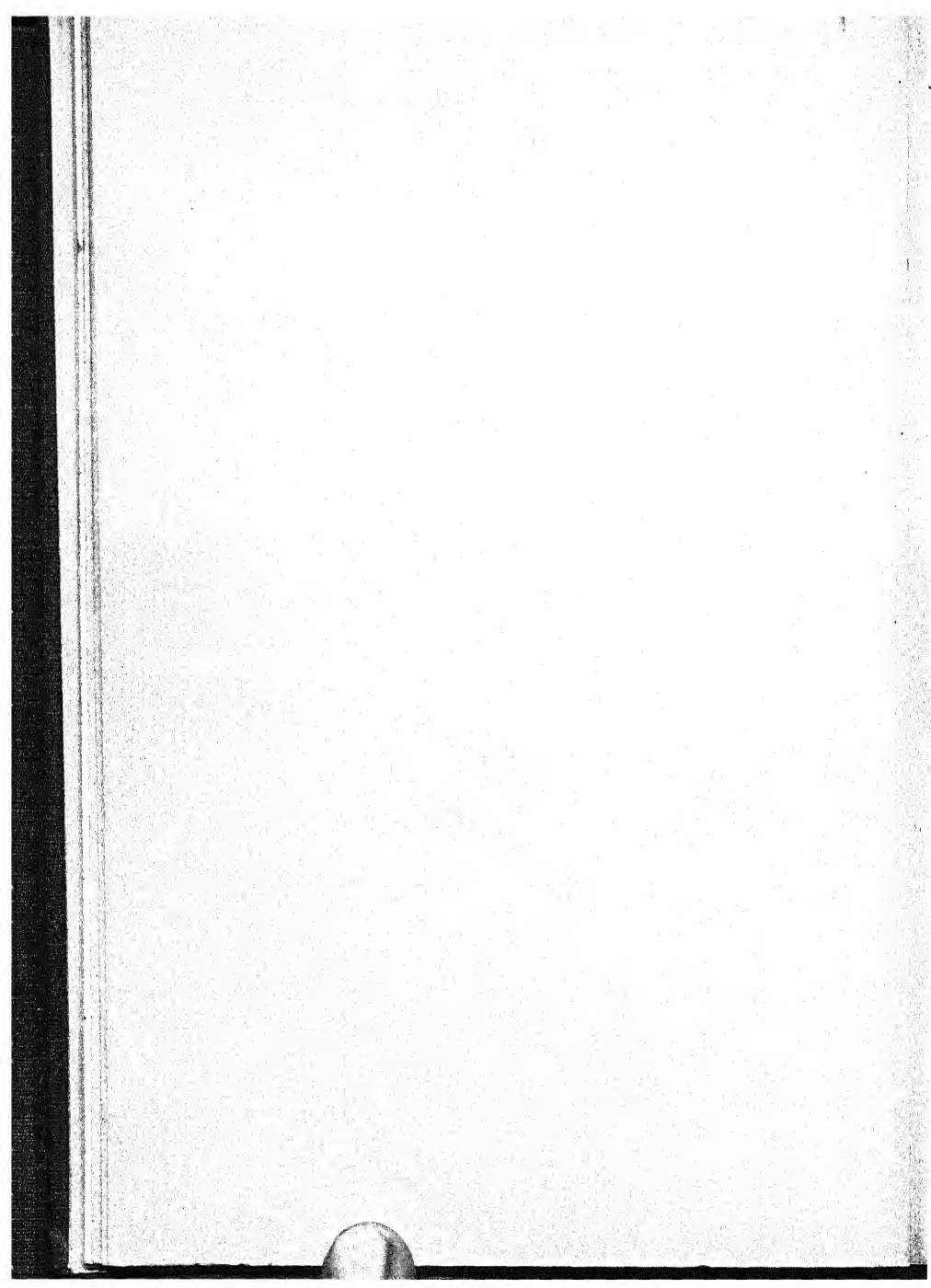
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CHRONOLOGY

- 1837 Dwight Lyman Moody was born on February 5, his mother's birthday, at Northfield, Massachusetts. His mother's maiden name was Betsy Holton.
- 1841 Moody's father, a small farmer and stonemason, died, leaving his widow with nine children to bring up. Moody was the sixth. He attended the village school.
- 1854 Moody left Northfield and found a job in Boston at a shoe store belonging to his maternal uncle, Samuel Socrates Holton. The store has disappeared, but the address was 43 Court Street.
- 1855 On April 21, Edward Kimball, Moody's Sunday-School teacher at Mount Vernon Congregational Church, called on Moody at the shoe store and Moody was converted.
- 1856 Moody admitted as a member of Mount Vernon Congregational Church. On September 13 he proceeded to Chicago, where he joined Plymouth Congregational Church. He continued to work in the shoe business, but undertook mission work, especially among boys.
- 1858 Mayor Haines granted Moody the use of North Market Hall for his boys' work.
- 1860 He gave up business on his own account.
- 1862 He married Emma Charlotte Revell. There were three children: Emma (Mrs. A. P. Fitt), 1864; William Revell, 1869, and Paul, 1879, President of Middlebury College, Vermont. He helped to organize the Y. M. C. A. in Chicago and worked among soldiers during the Civil War.

- 1863 He helped to organize Illinois Street Church in Chicago on "union" lines. The minister's name was Harwood. Moody was deacon.
- 1867 He visited England and came in contact with Charles Haddon Spurgeon and other evangelical leaders.
- 1870 Moody met Ira D. Sankey, the composer and singer of hymns, who, in due course, was associated with his mission.
- 1871 Moody lost his home in the Chicago fire.
- 1872 Moody revisited England, where for several years he led a revival of faith in Christ for which there had been no precedent since the days of Wesley and Whitfield.
- 1875-1881 Moody returned to Northfield as his home. Out of funds freely placed at his disposal, including royalties on Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos* and other publications, he founded Northfield Seminary for Girls (1879), Mount Hermon School for Boys (1881), and conferences attended by guests from every country in the world.
- 1881-4 A second mission in the British Isles was conducted by Moody.
- 1886 The Chicago Evangelisation Society, which developed into the Moody Bible Institute, was founded.
- 1891-2 Third Mission in the British Isles.
- 1899 Moody's health gave way during a mission in Kansas City. He died on December 22, at Northfield.

I

THE AMBASSADOR

IN this book, I am endeavouring to answer two questions. What was it in Dwight L. Moody that aroused so world-wide a sensation when he was alive? What does Dwight L. Moody mean to us to-day?

There are multitudes of people who never set eyes on Moody, never heard his voice, never came under his direct influence, and their curiosity is aroused. The man's name is familiar. But his significance has become a mystery. Even in the great institutions that he founded there are students who are confused by Moody as an unsolved problem.

Of his importance there can be no question. Many books have been written about him. Of his centennial, in 1937, there were impressive celebrations—services in thousands of churches, mass meetings and, above all, a great respect paid to Moody by a secular profession—that is, the press. They who write for newspapers are not always convinced of reality in religion. But among journalists there never seemed to be any doubt about Moody. He was, they said, sincere, a man without humbug or hypocrisy. If all good people were thus genuine, there would be fewer empty pews in the churches.

Take the attitude of one whom I am privileged to include among personal friends—Mr. F. H. Hooper, editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Here is a Harvard man, no dogmatist, an associate of scientists, artists, authors, historians—a man of long and wide experience of the best thought and life. He told me that he had heard Moody on one occasion, and had never forgotten it. It had been, as Pitt said of Fox, as if he had been brought “under the wand of a magician.”

What Moody said about himself, what he did, is not what arouses our interest in him. It was his astonishing influence over others. Here seemed to be a kind of King Arthur sitting at a Round Table and sending forth his knights, not to seek a Holy Grail, but to carry the glories that they had found therein to the ends of the earth.

The names of those who, after association with Moody, went forth into the battle for a better world are legion. Thousands were known in business, in the professions, in trades. Thousands were clergy, ministers of the Gospel, teachers and missionaries. One cannot begin to call the roll. But one circumstance is noteworthy. “Moody’s men”—as they were described—were not alone his fellow citizens in the United States. At a time when Great Britain was at the height of her imperial and cultural exaltation, when the manners and customs of America, as they were caricatured by Dickens, Thackeray and other scornful persons, aroused a feeling of amused superiority, here was an American who, despite his accent and unusual

methods of evangelism, won respect and regard wherever he went, and never lost it. Thirty-seven years after his death the Albert Hall in London was crowded by those who wished to express their gratitude to his memory—this at a time when criticism of the United States—social and diplomatic—was only too audible. Somehow or other, Moody could not be ignored by the British Empire, or treated with patronising toleration, and he is never mentioned in this later day except in terms of gratitude for the services that he rendered.

It was, I repeat, the fashion to speak of "Moody's men," and can we wonder at it? What a company they have been and, in so far as they survive the passage of time, still are! For years, forward-looking people in many nations have been watching the active career of John R. Mott, a statesman of the new era, as he travelled hither and thither into many lands, rising above the frontiers of race and religion, and presiding over conferences at which the destinies of the Christian Church were under grave discussion. There is Grenfell, chosen out of a leading family in England to become a pioneer of civilisation in Labrador. There is Kynaston Studd, a cricketer of a cricketing family, playing for Eton against Harrow, captain of the Cambridge team, who dedicated a nation-wide popularity to the service of his generation, developed the London Polytechnic, was appointed to the committee that has cared for the moral and spiritual condition of the British Army during the stress of war, and was elected Lord Mayor of London in 1928. There was Booth-

Tucker, among the saints of the Salvation Army, a man of elaborate education and official prestige in India, who gave his life to the service of others, assuming the costume of natives, living with them in their huts and walking, barefoot, as a pilgrim through the villages. And here I may add a word about Ira D. Sankey, whose singing of hymns heralded Moody's missions. Thirty years after Moody's death, Evangeline Booth, General of the Salvation Army, sat at one of Sankey's organs which had been given to her in acknowledgment of her labours for the Gospel, and composed a song of challenge that, at this moment, is sung in scores of countries—*The World For God*.

A radio station occupies a certain definite site which can be located on the map. But a broadcast spreads in every direction, north, south, east and west. So was it with Moody. People knew just where he stood. But his influence reached all points of the compass—even points that appear to be at opposite poles one to the other. Conservatives and liberals, whether in politics or in religion—it made no difference. They came to Moody, heard what he said and were conscious of the touch of truth. There is always plenty of evil to be seen in the world. Moody awakened the good.

Every strong and sincere leader gathers around him a bodyguard of eager adherents. Thousands of converts thus accompanied Moody during his lifetime in enthusiastic comradeship and, after his death, perpetuated his appeal. But he was no Luther—no Wesley—no Swedenborg—no St. Francis—no St. Benedict—no St. Dominic, to be remembered by the com-

munity that bears an honoured name. He founded no sect or religious order. He was more than careful to avoid any association of his name with a group or party, whether in church or state. Friends of Moody punctuated his message with their own marks of exclamation and emphasised it with their own italics. But there was safety in numbers and diversity. None of the interpreters ever captured Dwight L. Moody.

At first sight, Moody's experiences seem to be remote from our experiences. In a barn at Northfield you may still see the ancient-looking vehicles that he used to drive along the dirt roads of the Connecticut valley. We cannot but compare these simple affairs with the automobiles which, in a few minutes, cover mileage that was enough for a day when a horse had to be considered. Times, indeed, have changed. In our habits, the organisation of our homes and communities, our ways of thinking, there has been a scarcely believable transition. Those who started life when Moody was preaching are completing their lives in a world that is as new to them as it would have been to him. There have been wars. There have been revolutions.

We need not be surprised, then, if the names of many of Moody's contemporaries are difficult to remember. They have flown, forgotten as a dream dies at the opening day. But, for some reason, Moody's name is impossible to forget. "Some day," said he in one of his last addresses, "you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody of East Northfield is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be

more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher, that is all." But the forecast is no less true of Moody's living influence on the world around us.

The popularity of an international favourite is capricious. It is rapidly won. No less rapidly is it lost. In an hour the attention of the public is diverted to some new sensation, and not one man in a thousand is remembered thirty years after his death. It is thus a great event when an exceptional man emerges from the Valley of the Shadows—when he means as much to the future as he meant in the past—and this is the continuing fame of Moody which presents so fascinating a problem.

Some have supposed that showmanship, as of Barnum, was Moody's especial accomplishment—that he played to the gallery. They are wrong. In days when notoriety was already regarded as an instrument of success he avoided publicity as a plague. He had no use at all for the personal paragraph and hardly ever was he photographed. We are told that on two occasions only did he consent to sit before the camera—this at the earnest insistence of his family. As he grew in physical bulk, he dressed with the greater care for his public meetings, lest there be any distracting comment on his appearance. What we find in the man himself is an anxiety to divert attention by every means in his power from his own idiosyncrasies. In New York the press offered him \$10,000 for a single interview. The offer was declined. The limelight was not the meaning of Moody. It was no more than the atmosphere that gathered around him—the attention

that the world insisted on lavishing on an unquestionably popular favourite.

Moody's reward is, in one word, fame, and the fame of a man blends with the mind of the race. Good fame raises the level of thinking, evil fame depresses the level. In the Book of Ecclesiasticus there is thus the resounding invocation, "Let us now praise famous men"—the worthies who deserve their fame. Of all the elaborate ceremonies in St. Peter's at Rome, none is quite so exultantly gorgeous as the canonisation of a saint. Moody is among the saints who are canonised, not only in the cathedrals of those who worship in cathedrals, not only in churches and chapels and meeting-houses, but in the streets and market-places throughout the world where men and women of all beliefs and of no belief meet as comrades in the battle of life.

We have to consider first what is meant by fame. In what terms are we to define so elusive a phenomenon? The fickle goddess is not an abstract term of science or research. She is not what the historian understands by the term knowledge. Fame is what everybody knows about somebody. It is the general and, some would say, the superficial impression that the community has of a person's character and achievement. It is that in a person by which he can be identified, however large may be the crowd.

Every famous man is thus the symbol of an idea. Not many of us can recite the history of Alexander the Great. But most people are dimly aware that he pushed his way across Asia to the River Indus. He

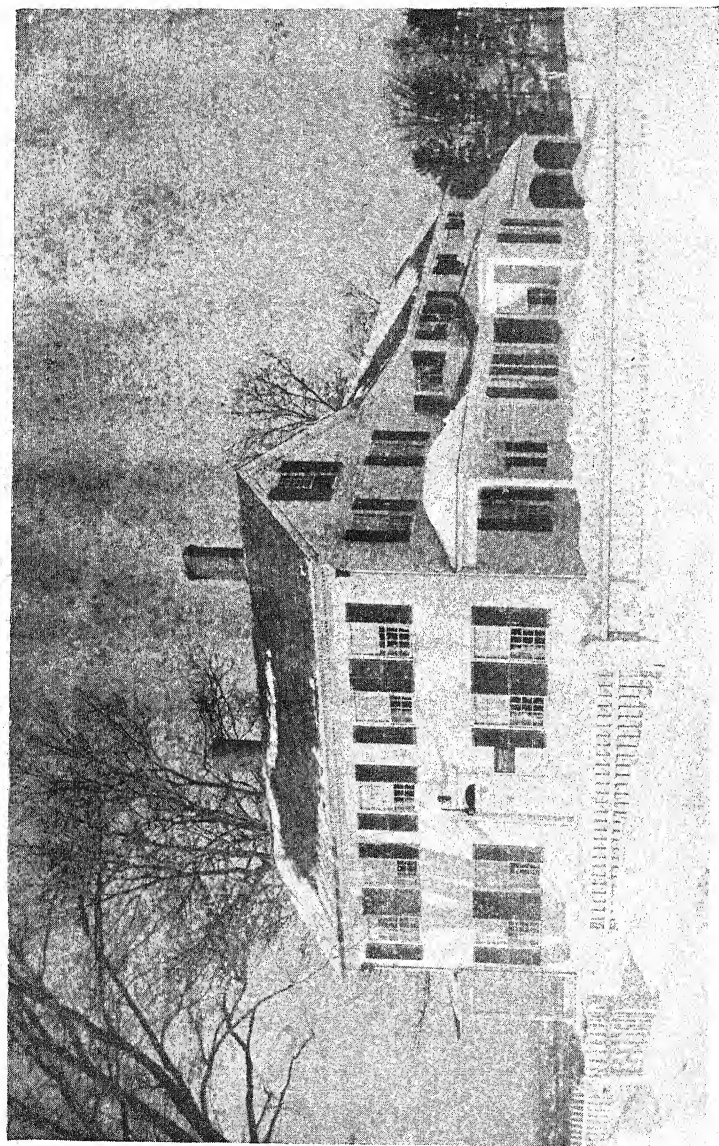


is famous as a conqueror in victory. Everyone, however ignorant otherwise of Napoleon, knows that he died on St. Helena—a conqueror in defeat. So it is with Dwight L. Moody. We cannot forget his name because it suggests to us an idea that, welcome or unwelcome, is a part of ourselves. His was one of those touches of nature that makes the whole world kin.

The question is not whether Moody was interesting or estimable or deserving of the highest respect. The question is why he has to be included among the universals. When alive, he was subject to the accidental, the spectacular, the sensational. All that now concerns us is the essential.

Those Bibles that, one by one, Moody's strong and masterful hands wore to shreds speak of people having their treasures in earthen vessels. And about Moody as an earthen vessel a great deal has been written. His five-foot book-shelf overflows with biographies, so many have been they who knew him, heard him speak and recorded their admiring and grateful impressions. We have information of his ancestry, descriptions of his environment, anecdotes and sayings which illustrate his character and outlook upon life, all of which is invaluable to what may be called the Moody tradition.

If the fame of Moody had depended on the biographies that have been written about him, interesting though they may be, or on the cherished memories of those elder saints who knew him in their earlier years, he would long ago have been among the forgotten men.



THE BIRTHPLACE AS RECENTLY RESTORED

What he was, what he said, what he did, may actually obscure what he meant. It is not the earthen vessel that accounts for the treasure within.

Consider his ancestors, and let us suppose that some ingenious enthusiast were able to trace his descent from a stowaway in the *Mayflower*. One may fairly doubt that Moody would have been more than amused by the discovery. He named one of his sons after the Apostle Paul, and Paul the Apostle had a wonderful pedigree. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. "But what things were gain to me," so he wrote to his friends at Philippi who could claim no such ancestry, "those I counted loss for Christ," and this was Moody's conception of an earthly genealogy. A peer would be introduced to him by a title. Moody would briskly ask him to move a couple of chairs.

There is an affectionate interest in Moody's upbringing in the beautiful valley through which flows the Connecticut River. Moody loved Northfield. It was his Nazareth and, like a homing pigeon, he never failed to find his way back to the familiar scenes. But this side-light on his home and environment must not be permitted to divert attention from the meaning of the man himself. What interested Moody in his Nazareth was not the birthplace. It was his brother-in-law, Fleming H. Revell, who purchased the property and restored it. So with the house where his mother, Betsy Holton, was born. The place has been identified, but it is not held to be of more than a casual pertinence to what Moody means. He was fascinated by the new

Northfield, not the old—the Nazareth that had been transformed into a Mount of Olives.

St. Francis of Assisi does not belong alone to Assisi, though it is in Assisi that he has his shrine, and so with Moody. Of those who revere his memory and wish to know what kind of man he really was, not one in a hundred has any personal knowledge of the New England of which he was so illustrious a New Englander. "Moody's men," as we have seen—not that he would have approved the phrase—are to be found in the wilds of Africa, the snows of the Arctic, the cities of China and India, the palaces of kings, the markets of the merchants, and wherever the pavement echoes with the tramp of human footsteps. Most of the people who make mention of Moody speak the English language. But not all. His influence is spread abroad to the ends of the earth. They who cannot expect the privilege of a pilgrimage to Northfield, great though that privilege may be, are still partakers in the meaning of Moody.

Never can too much be said of Moody as a preacher of the Gospel. The wonderful declaration of R. F. Duffus, one of the most responsible journalists of his day, that this "hound of heaven" reduced the population of hell by a million souls, is no more than an understatement of the marvel that actually happened. Of evangelists, Moody was in all probability the most stupendously successful according to immediate and numerical results.

Yet the evangelism of Moody, amazing as it is in

retrospect and permanent as its results are known to be, is not the reason in these days for his continuing fame. To listen to Jenny Lind must have been unforgettable. But to read about the crowds who did so listen to her is but cold consolation for us who never enjoyed the pleasure. So with great spiritual revivals. Like battles—even victorious battles—they end on the day. But the soul of man goes marching on.

Moody did not need to be told that as an evangelist he was held by his contemporaries to be supreme. But he never allowed evangelism to become his life, and as a man he rose to his full stature when he became aware that his mammoth missions, however greatly they had been blessed by results, were no more than a passing phase in the progress of the Kingdom of God. In interpreting Moody, we need not enter into the question whether or not the method of appeal known as mass-evangelism is suitable for a particular period—say our own. Over methods Moody maintained an open mind. His concern was with a Person. Let the season pass from spring to summer, from summer to autumn, from autumn to winter. Let eclipses darken the landscape. The sun never ceases to shine, eternal in the heavens.

The organisations that Moody helped to found and elaborate—for instance, the Y. M. C. A., in the United States—have been of immense service to the community. They remain as monuments to a disciplined rectitude and far-sighted wisdom in the administration of the millions of money that were entrusted to Moody's stewardship. But these were not the reasons for his fame—they were the results of that fame. If

Newton is famous, it is not because he went to the University of Cambridge. It is the University of Cambridge that rejoices in the fame of Newton.

The institutions founded by Moody flourish in the fullness of their purpose. But if we can imagine a day when they shall have ceased to be, the fame of Moody would still be a formative fact in the progress of civilisation. To men and women and children, whatever their circumstances, their opinions, their race, religion and nationality, he would still have something to say.

Moody regarded the institutions with which he was associated as factors in the Church of God. The one foundation of the Church is Jesus Christ the Lord, and if the Church were swept away, as it has been so nearly swept away by many countries, Jesus Christ still remains the same, yesterday, today and forever.

The word piety has been discredited by misuse. As currency, its value is debased by counterfeit. Moody was one of the few men who could be called pious without suffering insult. If his piety was respected, it was because it was consistent. He lived up to the prayers that he prayed.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the prestige of Moody was limited to those who shared his piety. His fame reached millions to whom such piety is a foreign language—people who never read the Bible or went to church. We have the significant, because spontaneous, testimony of no less a witness than Woodrow Wilson, who became President of the United States. He encountered the evangelist by

chance and under the most ordinary circumstances. The oft-quoted story is as follows:

"I was in a barber's shop, sitting in a chair, when I became aware that a personality had entered the room. A man had come quietly in upon the same errand as myself, and sat in the next chair to me. Every word that he uttered, though it was not in the least didactic, showed a personal and vital interest in the man who was serving him; and before I got through with what was being done to me, I was aware that I had attended an evangelistic service, because Mr. Moody was in the next chair. I purposely lingered in the room after he left, and noted the singular effect his visit had upon the barbers in that shop. They talked in undertones. They did not know his name, but they knew that something had elevated their thought. And I felt that I left the place as I should have left a place of worship."

If ever there was a saint of God, it was Moody. Yet, surprising though the statement may seem to be, it is not upon sanctity, as that word is usually understood, that his fame depends. On the contrary, it was his refusal to subject the Gospel of Christ to the "vain salutations" of a misdirected sanctity that was the occasion of his winning one of the most distinguished converts in a generation of evangelism. A young doctor happened to spare a few minutes to see what this man Moody was like. He found himself in a crowded

meeting which was suffering from an interminable prayer by a minister highly esteemed in the neighbourhood who, none the less, abused the occasion. Suddenly Moody stepped to the front of the platform and said briskly, "While our dear brother is finishing his prayer, we will sing hymn so and so." Wilfred Grenfell's admiration was aroused, he listened to what Moody had to say and became the founder of modern Labrador.

The quest for Dwight L. Moody—the man within the man—is not quite so simple, therefore, as some people have supposed. He that findeth his life, said Jesus, loses it and he that loseth his life shall find it. The distinguished New Englander, the world-wide evangelist, the founder of schools, even the saint of God, has to recede from the foreground into the background.

The regalia of old Japan includes an ancient and sacred treasure. In itself, it is merely a plate of old metal. But the metal has a certain quality which associates its surface with infinities beyond itself. It is the deeply venerated Mirror of the Light Divine. What Moody did and said and was, has not to be seen as a picture that he painted on canvas within a frame. It is to be seen as a reflection of something beyond himself that he shared.

With gratitude and admiration, we lead Dwight L. Moody into the Hall of Fame. Firmly he takes us by the hand and leads us out again. We have to follow him into a sanctuary of silence and solitude. "The richest hours I have ever had with God," said

he, in his characteristic way, "have not been in great assemblies, but sitting alone at the feet of Jesus." As we see him in that shrine, kneeling before his God, we begin to realise why he was what he became.

He was himself. He never tried to be anybody else. He could not have been anybody else if he had tried. But his influence, whether of thought, word or deed, abounded in what musicians call overtones. It is these overtones that we can still hear.

For thousands of years man has been seeking for satisfaction. In his search for he knows not what he has trodden many paths and developed many faiths. Moody was one of those who found what he sought for. That is why he is famous, and it is the only reason. This man came to God, knew God, obeyed God, and became an ambassador of God to his fellow men.

II

THE CREDENTIALS

TO be a spokesman of God—that was Moody's career. It was, as he believed, the supreme privilege to which man can attain, and no man thus appointed to be envoy must appear before the people as an adventurer, seeking rewards, anxious to win applause. In Dwight L. Moody there was no straining after effect.

The words that such an ambassador speaks must never be merely his own words. His spell must always be God's spell of the Gospel. A friend once suggested to Moody that some of his power might be due to hypnotism. His answer was short, sharp and final. "Not if I know myself," he said, adding that if he thought of hypnotism entering into his evangelism he would "quit preaching tomorrow." At Oxford undergraduates mocked when Moody began to read a passage from the Book of Ezekiel. He paused, looked up from the book, and said, "You had better play with forked lightning than trifle with the Word of God." There was silence.

People asked of Moody the questions that were put to Christ Himself. "By what authority doest thou these things and who gave thee this authority?" Nor

did Moody object to the challenge. He acknowledged to the full the principle that the authority of an ambassador depends on his credentials.

Many are the kinds of credentials granted to envoys plenipotentiary in their respective fields. Churches ordain their clergy—orders of bishops, priests, deacons, ministers, pastors. The credentials are ecclesiastical. Universities graduate their students. The credentials are academic. Doctors are qualified. The credentials are scientific. Legislators are elected. The credentials are political. Kings succeed to thrones. The credentials are hereditary and parliamentary. Officers receive a commission in the army, navy or air force. The credentials are executive. Lawyers are called to the bar. The credentials are legal and judicial. The credentials of a physician are medical.

Moody did not challenge any man's credentials, secular or spiritual. He did not say to a physician, "You are no physician," or to a lawyer, "You are no lawyer." He did not say to the Pope, "You are no Pope," or to a bishop, "You are no bishop." What he did insist upon was the validity of his own credentials. He did not ask to be endorsed by any organised institution. He was ordained by no church, graduated by no university, qualified for no profession, enrolled in no public service, was elected to no legislature. It was to the authority of God that, recognising no intermediary, he appealed, and by this appeal, direct and uncompromising, he became the Paul of the modern mechanical world. What he said to society, religious and secular, was what Paul said to the churches in

Galatia, "I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Here was a strictly personal relation—God on one side, man on the other—and this relation, established in Moody and declared by him, is the right of everyone who claims it. For thousands of years, religions, tribally observed, have been in rivalry, one with another. To this day, the perplexities of civilisation include the pressure of Hindu against Moslem, of Arab against Jew, of Catholic against Protestant. Moody did not trouble himself greatly with the study of comparative religion. Enough for him that, religion or irreligion, every son is entitled, if he wishes, to say unto himself, "I will arise and go to my father," and to invite others to come along with him.

An ambassador who knows his business does not parade his credentials. Nor did Moody. But he was at no loss to produce them when the occasion required it. It was by an experience called conversion that—as he firmly believed—he had become a man of God.

The word conversion appears in the English Bible. But it is derived from the Latin language and it is the kind of word that a legionary in the Rome of Julius Cæsar would have immediately understood. It means right-about face—a turning from one point of the horizon to the point of the horizon directly opposite. Conversion is a change of attitude and position.

The word is, and perhaps it always will be, unpopular. Many people will say that if the meaning of

Moody includes conversion, they prefer to read no further. They shudder at the idea as if they had been exposed to some dreadful contagion, barely escaping the epidemic. Conversion is held to be a kind of religious dentistry—one phrase is, soul surgery—which may be salutary and indeed essential to life but is no less distasteful on that account. In the Oxford Group there is an endeavour to dispel this hostility by using some other and more expressive word than conversion. People in large numbers confess to “life-changing,” and there is no doubt that a change in life was what Moody meant when he talked about a person being converted. He was an outstanding example of the life-change with which the Oxford Group has familiarised a later generation—that change which is personal to the individual himself—*ye must be born again*.

Moody used no paraphrases or synonyms. He called a spade a spade and he used a spade. At Cambridge the undergraduates realised the peril of conversion that was imminent in their university when Moody appeared, and sought to forestall the danger by greeting the invader with catcalls and other absurdities. Moody faced that music with his usual strength of certitude, and Cambridge has never been the same since. After half a century a prayer meeting is held there daily. One young man at a meeting addressed by Moody leaped over the back of his seat in order to flee from the conversion to come. He boasted that he had “fooled Moody.” But it was no use. He could not avoid what proved to be the benefit from which vainly he had tried to be a fugitive.

It recalls an anecdote of Prime Minister Melbourne, who heard a somewhat outspoken sermon one Sunday and remarked that religion in church was entirely legitimate but that applying religion to the affairs of daily life was carrying things too far. Moody was the kind of man that Melbourne would have complained about. In a weak moment the evangelist asked a group of his rural neighbours to tell him what they considered to be his most obvious failing. They looked up to their distinguished acquaintance with affectionate respect and hesitated before venturing a reply. "Well, Mr. Moody," said one of the men at length, "if you could only manage to mind your own business!" Many people had no kind of objection to Moody or anyone else getting converted if that was his idea of the right thing to do. But they did object to a person telling others that they also should be converted. That—as Lord Melbourne said—was carrying things quite too far.

In his humorous way, Moody had no difficulty in accounting for the nervousness of people over conversion. He told a story of a Scotsman who said it took two to convert him—himself and the Almighty. A man enquired of him, "What did you do?" He said, "I did all that I could against it, and the Lord did the rest."

Over conversion or any other affair people are entitled to their likes and dislikes. But even likes and dislikes, if they are not to degenerate into prejudice, should be based on knowledge of the matter in hand. About Moody's conversion two questions arise—first,

what it was not; secondly, what it was. It is in this reverse order that we shall try to answer these questions.

Someone who excludes reason from his impulses and surrenders himself entirely to emotion may be as ridiculous in the spiritual as in the secular realm of activity. Such emotionalists have been known to get converted as a matter of routine whenever a revival comes along. To use a term familiar in the field of journalism, they are to be classified as thrill-addicts. It is enough to say that Moody was converted once and only once. He did not need to be converted a second time and he did not advocate conversions that have to be frequently repeated.

People are apt to foreshorten the careers of great men. They telescope one period into another period, and with misleading results. There is a vague idea that Moody must have been converted at some mammoth mission, that he must have been singing Sankey's hymns, that he must have been labouring under the stress of some overwhelming mass-emotion. His conversion must have been a form of hysteria.

When Moody was converted there was no air-conditioning of his environment by the infiltration of emotional ozone. His world was the world where everybody else was living. When the great change came, it came as it seemed by accident. Neither he nor the community expected anything of the kind to occur.

At the time, Moody did not happen to be in any church, chapel, mission hall or other sacred edifice. He was not attending any revival, prayer meeting or

other religious service. It was not until years later that the mass-evangelism associated with his name developed, and its most remarkable development, as some people think, was not in the United States but in Great Britain. When Moody was converted, not one note of the Sankey hymns had been written or set to music, nor did he know that there was such a man as Sankey.

It is often assumed that Moody at his conversion accepted certain doctrines based on the authority of Scripture. That again is a misreading of what occurred. It is true that, in later years, Moody and his friends awakened a world-wide devotion to the Bible for its value in the upbuilding of character and its authority as a revelation of God's mind. But on the day of his conversion Moody was so ignorant of the Bible that he did not know where to find the Gospel of John and searched for it in the Old Testament. If the youth had been asked what was meant by the atonement, by predestination, by premillenarianism, by Papal infallibility, by the Athanasian Creed, he would have been completely at a loss for an answer. At his conversion not a word of all this was said to him, either by God or man.

Moody was a Puritan of the Puritans. He did not smoke. He did not drink. He did not play cards. He did not dance. He avoided the race-course. He lived a straight, decent life. In all these respects times might change—he did not.

It was by so living that, as he believed, he could best fulfill his duty. "People," he said, "call me a

Puritan. I like that. I would rather stand alone than go with the multitude if they are going to ruin. I would rather be in the minority with God than in the majority without Him."

They who associated with Moody observed on the whole the Puritan code of sumptuary law which he accepted. It was held in some cases that certain pleasures or indulgences are a danger, whether to the convert himself or to others who might be misled by his example. Many converts found such ample satisfactions in their abundant spiritual life that the pleasures or indulgences lost their appeal. Other matters were better worth the time and money involved.

It would be, however, a mistake to suppose that the conversion of Moody included an abandonment of certain pursuits and pleasures and the adoption of the Puritan discipline. Nothing of the kind happened to the boy, and for the most convincing of reasons—no such change was necessary. If ever there were a Puritan to his finger-tips, it was the still unconverted youth called Moody. That boy did not drink. That boy did not gamble. That boy did not swear. That boy did not smoke. That boy did not dance. That boy did not frequent the race-course. In all these respects Moody's conduct was as exemplary before conversion as it certainly was afterwards.

To Moody abstentions from possible evil may have been wise and necessary. He did not like the smell of tobacco, and when a friend asked him to name one text in the Bible that condemns smoking, he replied triumphantly, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

But however strong his personal preferences might be, and however strictly those preferences might be enforced within his sphere of influence at Northfield, he was scrupulously careful to avoid the mistake of the Pharisees when, as legislation for the world at large, they added traditions of the elders to the law of God. He was a friend and, indeed, a disciple of Charles Haddon Spurgeon of London, his comrade in the Gospel, who boasted that he "smoked to the glory of God." So with dancing. He was not impressed with its value as an expression of the highest in life and would remark with his usual wit, "Young lady, more grace in your soul and less in your heels." Said he: "It is frequently asked 'Is it right to dance?' All I have to say is, if the Spirit of God says dance, then dance. Give Christians something better to do and they won't want dancing." At the Northfield Schools, it need hardly be added, there were rules and regulations in respect of all these matters which were at the time, and in many schools are still, regarded as a wise educational discipline.

Civilisation is an enterprise in which all things are given to man richly to enjoy. In such a civilisation Puritanism is bound to be inadequate as a guide to life. There is use of God's blessings, there is misuse; but the safeguard can never be non-use. At Hollywood the pitiless camera which detects all results of excesses, however harmless, has compelled screen stars to be Puritan for purely professional reasons. But these screen stars in their Puritanism are not always what Moody would have known as soundly converted.

In athletics there are Puritans who make many sacrifices in order to win what Paul called an earthly prize. It may be admirable as training, but winning an Olympic is not what Moody meant by coming to Christ.

So with the observance of Sunday. On the right of the worker to a day free from work Moody spoke with blunt and uncompromising candour. "The Sabbath is a boon to every working-man," said he. "I don't believe in strikes; I have no sympathy with strikes; but I confess I should be inclined to go in and fight if working-men were compelled to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath." Sunday observance was Moody's strict rule. But it was not his gospel.

Since Moody's day there has been a changed mentality. Education has been more widely diffused and thoroughly organised. Moody was the last man in the world to slander such civilisation. He had a deep respect for the cumulative activities in which innumerable men and women of the highest character, deepest insight and most vigorous ability have been engaged for centuries. What he said was that "culture is right in its place, but it is not the new birth."

Education, whether spiritual or secular, did not precede and could not have explained Moody's conversion. He attended a village school, but was only seventeen years old when he left all secular schools behind. In a census he would have been classified among the near-illiterates—a youth who carelessly misspelled even the simplest words. Immediately before his great change came he wrote with his own hand the following: weak

(week) — firtinet — bord (board) — thate — coffen — poleus (police) — prety — orthedx — becaus — hur (her) — minits — don (done) — and so on.

Moody's attitude toward his lack of early education was simple and dignified. He did not apologise for what had not been his fault. "I deplore it," he would say, "but I am doing all I can for God with the gifts that I have." Nor did Moody ever concede that, in itself, education is a guarantee of character. "An educated rascal," he would say, "is the meanest kind of rascal." He takes an advantage of others less educated. What Moody did learn, was the value of education when it is dedicated to right uses.

This youth who had few friends to help him along became a strong friend of the young. This boy who received so unpromising a start in life started others on the upward road. In educating others he became one of the best informed men of his day, and his son Paul is president of an important institution of higher learning. Moody's education was not always literary. It was life itself.

Education has entered upon a new and intimate field, within which man has developed the youngest of the sciences. It is the science of psychology, devoted to observing all creatures that have life within them, whatever be their rank in the society of creation, and interpreting the observations. Among professors and students at colleges, psychology, although experimental in its applications, is popular, and none of us can escape the new atmosphere that has been spread around us. The home, the school, the courts of law,

prisons, even the organisation of industry—all of these are affected by psychology.

This new science of psychology encroaches on what had been reserved as the field of religious experience. Conversion is examined objectively as a kind of behaviourism; and it is interesting to speculate on what would be Moody's reaction if he were to return amongst us and find himself in a laboratory with microscopes pointing in every direction at his immortal soul.

Moody was never a man who regarded any science as an enemy. None of his beliefs deterred him from looking through a telescope, sending a cablegram or calling in a doctor. It was when sophisticated rather than sagacious people substituted science for faith that Moody, with his strong sense of fundamental values, was conscious of impending peril. Many sneered at him as a narrow-minded ignoramus. No one will now say that his apprehensions were unfounded. It is not the churches alone and the creeds alone that science has tried to stampede into the discard. It is civilisation itself. Marconi died, we are told, with horror in his soul over the infamous uses to which science is degraded when the only control of science is scientific.

A reverent and sympathetic psychology, devoted to helping individuals, may be a subconscious communion of man with the Eternal Father Who so cares for all His children that He numbers the very hairs on their heads. As an instrument of research and suggestion, such a psychology goes a long way in many directions, enabling us to understand one another better and to devise merciful processes whereby evils, too roughly

handled in the past, may be prevented and remedied. With such a psychology, Moody, in the nature of things, could have had no quarrel, and the more closely psychologists examine the conversion of Moody and other conversions of the same kind, the better it will be for mankind as a whole.

When did Moody ever fear to face a fact about human life? When did he ever fail to expose facts that masquerade as fiction? Not only did he acquiesce in the truth about life. He was the man who, above most others, insisted on the truth. With the Greek philosophers he cried "Know thyself," and his every sermon was what Alexander Pope would have called "an essay on man." His was Tennyson's threefold culture, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." With nothing less than these did he rest content and, in this sense, he was a psychologist before psychology became the fashion.

It has to be remembered that, in Moody's day, the science of psychology was still in its infancy. Busy night and day over the immediacies of human need, Moody had little leisure for what Oxford and Cambridge then regarded as an untried innovation. The gospel preached by Moody did not oppose such a psychology. It surpassed psychology. There is a love unto knowledge and it is good. But the love unto knowledge falls short unless there be also the love unto death. While Freud as a theorist was diagnosing the disease called sin, Moody as a stretcher-bearer on the battlefield was carrying sinners to the foot of the Cross.

We sometimes say that a man is converted by argu-

ment from one opinion to another, and "you will never convert me" is an end to many a discussion. But it was with no such incidentals that Moody was concerned when the great change came. He was born and he died a traditional Republican. There was no change in his nationality. He was born and died a hundred-per-cent American. There was no change in his ecclesiasticism. He was born and he died a Protestant. There was no change in his vocation. He was born and he died a layman, belonging to no profession, and it was years after his conversion that he devoted his whole time to evangelism. There was no romance about this conversion. It was years later that Moody met and married Emma Charlotte Revell. Conversion made no difference to Moody's circumstances or what appeared to be his prospects. He continued to live where he had been living—that is, in Boston—and to be employed where he had been employed.

Moody was a real American. He believed, like other Americans, in life as a pursuit of happiness. In his practicalities he was much nearer to Professor Dewey than either man might sometimes have supposed. He preached the Gospel of Christ as an idea that is a plan of action, and he would have fully agreed with Dewey that "truth means the effective capacity of the idea to make good." It was a hint of what he meant by proclaiming that Jesus Christ, the Crucified, rose from the dead, and the idea in Moody was made good. It was a word that became true in the flesh.

The final authority on a man's conversion is, after

all, the man himself. Moody knew how it felt to be converted—knew where the shoe had pinched him. He faced his critics with the simple fact that never in later years did he regret the ordeal. He exulted in what is sometimes deplored as a calamity, nor was it easy to argue against a process, whatever be its nature, that brings a person, once for all, to the haven where he would be. If he is satisfied with life, why should others raise objections? Others might be richer than he, more instructed in many matters, more impulsive in controversy, more positive in dogmatism. He defied any of them to say that they were happier.

He was happy in the accomplishment of a life work. For more than forty years he fulfilled his task in the ever intensifying glare of a pitiless notoriety. He dealt with the Boston where Cabots spoke only to Lowells and Lowells spoke only to God. He plunged into the depths of the underworld at Chicago. He ran the gauntlet of criticism in a Great Britain that was under the spell of Darwin and Huxley, of Newman and Spurgeon, of Disraeli and Gladstone. Everywhere he stood the test. His mother knew her son far too intimately to cherish any illusions about his ideas; but, in the end, even she had to admit that the boy who had been so full of mischief in days gone by had grown up to be a man of God. Moody did not hesitate to face his family and neighbours who also knew him well. They had no misgivings about his mission. He was one of the few prophets who has had honour even in his own country.

What Moody faced when he was converted—what

he worked out as the sequel to his conversion—was a simple and primary issue. All other issues were subordinate to this primary issue. Before a person can find his true place in the universe, before he can fulfill his true destiny, he must be assured of the answers to supreme questions: Is there God? What is man? Can it be truly said in words of meaning to the mind that God meets man and that man meets God? In Christ on the Cross, Moody, like countless millions of others, saw God and Man thus reconciled.

III

THE CLAIM

A FEW weeks before his death, Moody set down on paper a record of his conversion. "I was born of the flesh"—these are his words—"in 1837. I was born of the Spirit in 1855." Indelibly stamped upon his memory was a certain place. Associated with that place was a certain date. At that place and on that date it happened.

To ears that have been long attuned to enquiry, to criticism, to scepticism, to minds in which the faculty of belief is atrophied by disuse, such mention of a new birth sounds with a strange and scarcely credible resonance, like an echo in a cave. What did Moody mean when he said that he had been reborn in 1855? We share the perplexity of Nicodemus, the Jewish statesman in Jerusalem, who, coming to Jesus by night, was told, "Ye must be born again," and exclaimed, "How can these things be?"

If Shakespeare had been dramatising Moody, he would not have dismissed such words as mere delusion. There are more things in heaven and earth, he would have said, than are dreamt of in the philosophies. A great mind takes seriously the greatness in other minds.

It is Moody himself who, in the first instance, can

best interpret what he meant by his allusion to birth and rebirth. Let us examine, therefore, what people used to call his message—that is the collective sum total of his scattered utterances over a long period that fell not far short of half a century. We have to allow for the conditions under which the addresses were delivered.

For many years his evangelism was extremely arduous. During his missions he would not hesitate to speak three, four and five times a day. Multitudes clamored to hear his words and would not be denied. No speaker in such demand could expect to prepare a different address for every audience. If he made the attempt it would serve no purpose. For the audience would not know whether the address had or had not been heard elsewhere, and would not care one way or the other. Some of Moody's addresses were thus used on scores, indeed on hundreds of occasions.

Each address had its own envelope. On the outside was written the title of the address with an entry of the places and dates at which it had been heard. Within the envelope were slipped the notes for the address, with any additional jottings or clippings from the press that might be useful when next it came to be delivered. Often the rough mnemonics were unintelligible to any save Moody himself.

Some years ago I happened to be discussing sermons with David Lloyd George, and he made an interesting remark. "No sermon," he said, "becomes a great sermon until it has been preached five times." So was it with Moody's addresses. They were made

perfect by revision and repetition. Before each successive delivery the address was absorbed afresh by the evangelist, enriched and so uttered, as he firmly believed, in the power of the Spirit. The point to be driven home might be the same point. But there were eager vigorous strokes of the hammer.

We are thus able to say two things. It is undeniable that Moody moved about in a whirl of excitement and seemed at times to speak at random. But, amid it all, he maintained a massive solidity of unalterable significance. In his addresses this significance is clear and definitive. The more often he spoke, the more carefully did he choose his words. The addresses contain many anecdotes, illustrations and more or less incidental remarks—"I would rather be able to pray like Daniel than preach with the eloquence of Gabriel"—"what God wants is sincerity." But, as we read—not this sentence or that sentence but the sum total of the appeal—we are conscious—at first subconscious—of a slowly awakening wonder for which, it may be, we cannot furnish an immediate explanation. Gradually it dawns on us that Moody was apt to be forgetful in his addresses. He seems to be always overlooking what, as an evangelist, he ought surely to have kept constantly in mind. A Hibernian might put it that the most conspicuous word in his vocabulary was a missing word—a word conspicuous by its absence. We look for this expected word not entirely in vain. But it occurs rarely.

Take the first address that happens to meet the eye. It is entitled "Simply Receiving, Simply Believing,"

and, covering twenty pages, it is thoroughly characteristic of Moody's presentation of the Gospel. Yet, until the nineteenth page, there is no mention of the missing word, and even on the nineteenth page the mention is only casual. So with the exposition of "The Prodigal Son." If ever a theme were fundamental to the message of Moody, it is this story of a father welcoming his child back to his heart and his home. Yet, in the exposition of the parable, as in the parable itself, the missing word does not occur—not once.

If Moody seldom used the missing word in his sermons, it was not because he relied on any kind of inner consciousness. It was because, with the humility of a true scholar, he had surrendered his train of thought to the spell of his source material. This spell was his gospel, and it was found in the Bible.

At his conversion, Moody knew little, if anything, of the Bible. His conversion did not mean that he was satisfied with the situation. The experience aroused in him what proved to be a lifelong ambition. The one thing that he desired above all others was to be acquainted with and to appreciate the inspired literature of the Chosen People. To the patient and often painful study of the Bible he devoted many hours a week. "I do not read any book," he said, "unless it will help me to understand *the* book." He could not read the Old Testament in the original Hebrew or the New Testament in the original Greek. His Bible was the English Bible—the Authorised or King James Version—the supreme monument of what the



English language, dedicated to the noblest uses, may become.

When, therefore, we compare Moody's addresses with Moody's Bible, we are aware of a curious coincidence. The word almost entirely missing from the addresses is a word almost entirely missing from the Scriptures. Whether as noun or adjective, this elusive word does not occur once in the Old Testament—not once from the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis to the last verse of the last chapter of Malachi—not once in the four Gospels—never was it heard on the lips of Jesus, the Christ of God. It appears seven times only in the Acts and the epistles and three of these appearances are in one passage of the Epistle of St. James.

The missing word is not held to be a bad word. On the contrary, it is regarded as a sacred word. To disclose the secret, it is the noun, religion, or adjective, religious. We cannot begin to understand the meaning of Moody as long as we insist on emphasising the word that he and the inspired writers of the Bible which we read so carefully seldom, if ever, used. Cut out that word religion, audacious though the elimination may seem to be, and we find ourselves on the right path. We know why Moody talked about birth and rebirth.

Birth is a beginning. It is not, in the first instance, the beginning of religion, not the beginning of art or science or literature, not the beginning of civilisation or of any system within civilisation. It is the beginning of life, out of which all else must grow. The Bible that Moody absorbed was the book of life. The

Gospel that he preached was a call to life. The Christ Who announced that Gospel came into the world that people might have life and have it more abundantly.

The importance of conversion, as Moody appreciated that personal experience, was not theological, not ecclesiastical, not scientific, not æsthetic, not even ethical. It was vital. The idea was not that irreligious people should become religious. It was that moribund people should be raised from the dead. His ringing declaration was that Christ could not preach a funeral sermon, because He broke up every funeral He attended.

We can avoid religion if we wish to avoid it. We need not go to church. We need not say our prayers. We may be Philistines when it comes to culture. But life cannot be avoided. Here and hereafter life is fate, and the problem that Moody had to face for himself and others was thus the problem that has faced man continuously since his aspiring but infant brain was first enclosed by Omnipotence in a skull.

The devotion of Moody to prayer, meditation and study of the Scriptures was profoundly important. But it had nothing to do with his conversion, when it occurred. It was not what he received at his rebirth. It was what he did with the gift after he had received it. Nor is there any traceable connection, however remote, between Moody's conversion and the creeds and liturgies—the vast mountain of accumulated religion which fills libraries with books and sometimes empties churches. Between the conversion of Moody and the whole of this elaborated religion there was an

impassable interval, and in thinking of the one we cannot think of the other.

Life—that was the problem to be solved—life in the individual—the life of the individual in society—the life of society within the universe. Many are the ways of seeking satisfaction in life. There is the leap of an athlete. There is championship in a game. There is the luck of a sweepstake. There is the display of beauty to admiration. There is the calculation of the mathematician and there is the observation of the astronomer. There is the rapture of an artist as he paints a glowing picture, of the writer when he sees before him a gracious sentence, of the musician when he renders a haunting melody. Nothing less than the most abundant life of all people, exceptional or average, satisfied Moody.

What he meant by life was eternal life. By that much misunderstood phrase he did not imply a life that begins to be worth living after death. Eternal life is the life that has become worth-while here and now and will never cease to be worth-while, whether in this world or any other world that awaits us. Moody's paradise began in the present, and he believed that a present paradise is possible. Not only did he believe it. By his own happiness he proved it. "I have no sympathy," said he, "with the idea that all good people are gone, and the best times are behind us. Not a bit. There's a grand army of witnesses gone on ahead, *but it grows brighter and brighter.*" Never had he "seen a man or woman filled with the Spirit of God who did not hope." Moody was no

Ruskin, no Tolstoy, no Gandhi who demurred to progress from things as they are to what H. G. Wells calls the shape of things to come. Never was he to be found among those whose only hallelujah chorus is pessimism, who omit hope from the cardinal virtues.

It is, perhaps, by a comparison that we may be able to understand the full significance of what Moody meant by birth and rebirth as a fulfillment of life. Within living memory, the United States has added two characteristic names to the roll of history. In both cases the career began with the boy. In both cases the boy had led an obscure life amid the limited opportunities of the small town. Both of these boys arrived at a personal decision. Each of them perfected his decision by action of dramatic promptitude and finality. On May 20, 1927, Charles A. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. On April 21, 1855, Dwight L. Moody was converted.

The aeronautical exploit was an immediate and world-wide sensation. Everybody could see at once what had occurred. In the press it was the biggest news. But hardly a person on this planet was aware on the 21st day of April, 1855, of what had happened to a lad called Moody, employed in a shoe store at Boston. They were days when anybody at any time could say that he was converted. There was no news in that.

The "hop" to Paris showed that such a hop is possible. It was thus a step in the progress of a spectacular and possibly useful aviation. Many people, if they think at all about the matter, will say that,

according to their idea of values, Lindbergh did a bigger thing than Moody, and if the life of man is to be lived wholly within a material universe, it is arguable that they are right.

The sequel to the exploit was not wholly according to the plaudits that greeted the hero of the clouds. It is true that Lindbergh landed in Paris and that Paris is the beautiful and historic city where, we are told, Americans want to go when they die. But it was only in Paris that Lindbergh landed—he went no further—and Paris, whatever be its fascination, would not have been accepted by Moody as an airport for the Kingdom of Heaven.

It was alone that Lindbergh flew over the ocean and, in this sense, his was a solo flight. But in actual fact no soloist has ever flown anywhere. The utmost that he can do is to walk on his two legs like the rest of us. It requires the entire effort of inventive mankind to lift an aviator ten feet from the ground and, even so, the aviator has to return to earth again. Moody, as he approached his conversion, was among the millions who have to “do their stunts” without the financial assistance of an expectant city; no gasoline was poured into any tank for his use; no wings spread from his shoulders. He was no more expensively equipped for his great adventure than a newsboy selling papers to the passing crowd.

It is not easy to see in what way aviation, with its assets and liabilities, has added to the sum total of human happiness. The aviator has succeeded in removing himself from one continent to another con-

continent. But there is no suggestion that the continent where he landed was better in any way than the continent he left behind. There is no suggestion that his achievement changed either continent, whether for better or worse. In due course, Lindbergh—the most conspicuous and admired of aviators—returned to the United States and found himself, physically and mentally, where he had been before. As an individual, he was neither better nor worse.

There followed a tragedy that evoked the sympathy and horrified indignation of every decent person on this planet. It affected many lives and demonstrated that locomotion, however brilliant in its speed and audacity, cannot be more than a change in geographical position. Aeronautical science does not redeem human nature. There remain within society those who suffer from the age-long and sometimes accentuated liability to scarcely credible crime, and success may become a nightmare.

One of the most impressive of Negro spirituals is entitled *Ezekiel's Wheels*. It is inspired by Ezekiel's amazing vision of wheels within wheels winging their way by the fiery flashes of prophetic aviation through the air. The wheels within wheels were not the whole picture painted thousands of years ago in one of the most amazing chapters to be found in literature. Within the wheels appears a face—"the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels," and "whithersoever the spirit was to go they went."

Lindbergh showed people how to pilot a plane. But he was powerless to compel them, as pilots, to accept

his own friendly motives as an aviator. The glory of aeronautics is great. But it is drenched with vitriol sprayed over Ethiopia; it is bloody with slaughter inflicted in Spain and China; it is so terrible a menace to what used to be Christendom that the very perambulators where babes sleep in the sun have to be transformed into gas-masks. Stanley Baldwin, as Prime Minister, held that it is better to have no planes at all than planes which are intended for the destruction of mankind.

Moody would not have depreciated the heroism of a Lindbergh. Probably he would have worked Lindbergh in as a parable in his addresses. What Moody would have said, is that aviation, however audacious, is not enough as a solution of the problem of life or as an objective of man's being. How much happier are we when we travel farther and more quickly?—that is the question. We save a few hours at great expense. But what use do we make of the hours thus saved? What use do we make of all the hours that we have been permitted to call our own? The furore over flying through the air was not what Moody cultivated when he sought the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The circumstances that surround a man are important. But it is the man himself within the circumstances who ultimately matters, and it was with this forgotten man that Moody was concerned. Whatever clothes he might be wearing, whatever dwelling might be his home, here was one whom Christ came to seek and to save.

Many scientific and industrial problems were solved

while Moody was alive. Others have been solved since he died. But a doctor is not deceived by such contrasts in externals. One man may jog along slowly behind a trotting horse while another man may sweep through the air in a plane. But in a hospital these men look alike. They receive the same treatment for the same maladies. When Wells Cathedral in England was built, there were no dentists in our sense of the term. But did this mean that there was no toothache? Look at the curious carvings on the capitals of the pillars in the north transept and you will see that they consist of faces agonized by the throbbing of exposed nerves and dental ulcers. These people suffered as we suffer. As Paul used to say, there is no difference.

No invention, however far-reaching may be its effects, can mould man into a creature other than he is. However far and however fast he flies through the air—to adapt the words of Shakespeare—hath he not still his eyes? Hath he not hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Prick him, and does he not bleed? Tickle him, and does he not laugh? Poison him and will he not die? Robert Burns declared that, despite all the distinctions of aristocracy, “a man’s a man for a’ that,” and whatever be the mechanism with which he surrounds himself, the principle stated by Burns holds good.

To Moody civilization is an unanswerable proof of what man—give him a chance—can accomplish. How “noble in reason” is he, how “infinite in faculty”! Great in himself, Moody was incapable of depreciat-

ing greatness in others. Let the irresponsibles speak lightly of the eminence known as genius, not he. "I wish I had your shoulders, Mr. Moody," said Gladstone when they met. "I wish I had your head," was the instant response.

Moody did not believe, nor teach others to believe, that a world crowded with people for whom Christ died is going to perdition—that the final crash will come on a predestined date to be calculated by a code of prophecy from the Book of Daniel. In all of this—indeed, in whatever could be learned by study of the Bible—he was profoundly interested. But he had a way of reserving judgment where he did not and could not know for certain. Someone complained to him that a person was talking learnedly about two Isaiahs. "My trouble," retorted Moody, "is that I cannot get people to believe in one of them."

With Bernard of Cluny, Moody would have sung:

"The world is very evil;
The times are waxing late."

But the moral that he drew from the evil in the world is that there is a call to Christians to do their duty and defeat the Evil One. Never was he among those who wish to tear down the structure of society. One of his main arguments was that, without faith, society cannot be held together. "Anarchy and nihilism," he said, "would sweep this whole country, and neither property nor life would be safe if it were not for the Bible;" and while there are those—I am

not amongst them—who will dispute that way of putting it, there is none who will deny that the man who thus stated his position was an upholder of the commonwealth. Another saying of Moody may be quoted in evidence. "If the Sabbath goes," he said, "the Church goes. If the Church goes, the home goes. Destroy the Church and you destroy the home." These words, whether we accept them, qualify them, discuss them, or reject them, are an indication of Moody's profound respect for the civilisation to which he was called upon to contribute his service.

What Moody discounted was the easy-going optimism that cried peace, peace when there was no peace. It is a great world—that is true. But does this mean that all is well with the world? Civilisation is a splendid palace, eighty centuries in building, with gorgeous salons, massive buttresses and delightful glimpses of grotto and garden. But, here and there, it shows signs of crumbling, and behind the vast façade there are back stairs for intrigue, shrines of selfishness and indulgence, dungeons of despair. Before the railway had been laid where most railways now add to the roar of the twentieth century, before a telegram had been dispatched by electrical transmission, before radio, before photography, before the movies, before automobiles and aviation, a poet had complained that "the world is too much with us." Wordsworth was conscious of the pressure of environment on the individual, and he resented it.

The world is often an unfair world. It can be oppressive, cruel, even diabolical. "There is no class of

people," said Moody, "exempt from broken hearts." Whatever be his environment, the individual persists in seeking for satisfaction. Unless he finds satisfaction, he is restless, and civilisation, despite its advances, thus seethes with hopes and fears, courage and cowardice, loves and hates. A vast surge of mingling evasions, deceptions, conspiracies, frauds, illusions, excitements, animosities sweeps multitudes hither and thither, they know not why, they know not where. Jesus said of those multitudes that they are as sheep not having a shepherd.

It was in an interesting year, 1837, that Moody was born. That was the year when a young Queen of England inaugurated the Victorian era by ascending the British throne. The accession was royal and national. But it was acclaimed as a signal for progress. After ten thousand years of hesitation, man entered boldly into his heritage and set himself with full purpose to replenish the earth and subdue it. On all shores of every ocean there followed a century that fulfilled preceding centuries. A thousand objectives were achieved with ease that had never been experienced before.

For the first time, the world, disintegrated previously by the curse of Babel, was explored from pole to pole and drawn within one brotherhood of love and hate. For the first time, man read his own history in the press as history is made, and saw himself and his environment on a magic screen that displayed the tornado in its devastation and revealed the very beating of the human heart. For the first time, biology

enquired into man's origin and psychology observed his mental processes. For the first time, the bacteriologist discerned the truth about disease, and the surgeon's art soothed the sufferings of the sick with a skill that is scientific yet merciful. For the first time, a long frustrated faculty for invention was released from traditional taboos and consecrated to devising innumerable means of locomotion, illumination, nourishment, clothing, shelter, comfort, art and convenience. For the first time, man has been educating himself, printing words and learning to read them. For the first time, man has universalised athletics, recreations, amusements. For the first time, man has dared all risks, including his temptations, his ambitions and his animosities, in order to be all that he was meant to be and to enjoy all that he was meant to enjoy.

Moody stood on what, doubtless, he would have called Mount Pisgah and surveyed the Promised Land into which, after several millennia of wandering in the Wilderness, mankind was advancing. Like Moses on that mountain of foresight, he was denied the opportunity of crossing the Jordan River—his privilege ended with watching those who were hurrying ahead. He did not criticise their eagerness to replenish the earth and subdue it—their dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, over every herb that grows and every creeping thing. This world is man's heritage. He has a right to make the most of whatever he can find within it.

Amid this splendour of achievement and futility, Moody advances to the edge of the wooden platform

that is his duly appointed quarter-deck. He stands, unassuming yet inescapable, four-square to all the winds that blow, a splendidly sincere, solid, broad-shouldered, square-jawed, black-bearded son of the soil, who, amid the bewilderments, knows where he stands. Before him sits mankind as congregation—scholars, scientists and statesmen—wage-earners and wastrels—old and young—men and women—it makes no difference. There is uproar, but he raises his hand and waits until a silence falls on his audience. Then he puts his question. That question is not what church do you attend. It is not what is your occupation in life. It is not what is your knowledge or ignorance of science and history. It is not what are your pleasures and pursuits. All of these questions are secondary to the one question that in Moody's opinion makes all the difference.

Men and women are busy over many things. They go to school and college and are educated. They go to work and earn a living. They invent. They produce. They discover. They enjoy. They serve one another. They kill one another. They speed over land. They sail the seven seas. They wing their way through the air. They see through a brick wall. They hear what is said far beyond the horizon of their vision. But when a man came to Moody and said, "Mr. Moody, I cannot believe," the reply was the one devastating word, "Whom?" In whom cannot you believe?

To athletes, to scholars and mathematicians, to bankers and merchants, to workmen, their wives and

children, to all sorts and conditions of people, Moody put the final issue that determines life and property: Who owns the individual? Who owns what he owns? Who owns the society within which he is enrolled? Who owns the world? To whom does it all belong? *Whom?*

IV

THE DECISION

MOST of the people addressed by Moody would have said as a matter of course that they believed in God. To say anything else would hardly have been respectable. It has always called for some audacity to conceive of an ordered universe without an orderly mind that creates and sustains the universe.

There were, however, a small but vocal minority of militant atheists, even in the English-speaking world—Bradlaughs and Ingersolls, who attacked churches and creeds and ceremonies with all the rugged individualism of the pioneers that they were. To a shocked society these purveyors of what was denounced as blasphemy offered some kind of a crude foretaste of the irreligion that has been sweeping around the world and alarming all who like to have a roof over their heads.

Many of the conservatives in religion were much upset over atheism. Not so Moody. In quietness and confidence lay his strength, and it was with a saving sense of humour that he surveyed what Matthew Arnold at the time was describing as the

“ . . . darkling plain
Swept with confus'd alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.”

He did not think it in the least likely that "the Lord of all Being throned afar" would be embarrassed by the make-believe of those who played hide and seek with His existence. The philosophy according to which God is an anthropomorphic superstition that, like the stars, fades away with the advance of enlightenment did not impress Moody. We do not abolish the stars because at dawn our limited vision is unable to discern them.

Moody had thus his own way of dealing with sceptics, cynics and other adversaries. As a citizen of the United States, he had the instinct for civil liberty in his blood, and civil liberty means that people are entitled not only to their beliefs, but to their disbeliefs. If a man wishes to be what the Psalmist calls a "fool" who says in his heart that there is no God, he should be free even in his folly. And why trouble to be intolerant? People persecute one another only when they are dubious over their own position. When a man has the Gospel of Christ to preach, he should have no time and no inclination for anything else, especially negatives. The answer of Moody to Communism would have been that Communists are among the sinners for whose salvation Christ died on the Cross.

"What," asked Moody bluntly, "does infidelity do for a man?" And, as was his custom, he gave a case in point—the "dying infidel," who declared, "My principles have lost me my friends; they have sent my wife to the grave with a broken heart; they have made my children beggars, and I am going down to my grave without peace or consolation." One of the most inter-

esting of the converts under Moody was Donald McAllen, chairman of the Infidel Club in Edinburgh. In the United States the press denied that such a conversion had occurred. In the Free Assembly Hall in Edinburgh, McAllen, at Moody's request, publicly confirmed the fact that he had become a Christian.

It was not the existence of God that concerned Moody. The Deity was self-evident. What did engage his thought was the being of God. For what kind of a supreme sovereignty was he accredited to be ambassador?

The most familiar idea of God is omnipotence. Here is a sovereignty over the entire universe, however far the universe may extend. All that was in Moody believed that God wields power.

Power is not enough. Many a nation has been oppressed and plundered by power, and from the sovereignty of God as power, so majestic, so mysterious, we are apt to shrink in dismay. We gaze with short sight into the immeasurable distances beyond us. We try to form some faint conception of the invisible, yet irresistible, forces that dominate everything that we can perceive. We stand aghast at the statistics of creation—the innumerable multitudes of stars, the myriads of creatures who reproduce their species on this one satellite of a star that we call our world, the billions of atoms within every pinhead of matter wherever matter extends. Bewildered, discouraged, obliterated, we cry, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" What is the use of trying to be oneself?

One of the most admired of modern poems is a

translation of such an epic of man's insignificance. It was written eight centuries ago by the Oriental astronomer Omar Khayyam, whose philosophy was surrender of the individual to his environment. Life, he declared, is kismet or fate, and there is nothing that we can do about it that will make any difference. We have this:

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*He* knows—*He* knows!

"The Moving Finger writes: and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

"And that inverted Bowl they call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*
As impotently moves as you or I."

The verse is entrancing. But how does it work out as a way of life? What has happened to the Persia where Omar Khayyam's only gospel was the futility of existence? Fatalism has not been conducive to the initiative that is essential to achievement.

What Moody had to face was the modern version of Omar Khayyam's fatalism. Beneath the weight of an awful throne man was obliterated. Heredity determined his capacities. Environment moulded those capacities.

It was not God alone Who crushed man's being.

Man overwhelmed his fellow man. Civilisation was being elaborated as a machine and there is no mind in a machine, only force. In this mechanism mind was becoming very much what Omar Khayyam described—a ball driven hither and thither as in a tennis court—volatile without volition. Millions of people who detested war were being trained against their will to fight for they knew not what. Millions who would like to run a business of their own, however modest, were having to accept employment in a big business that seemed to run by its own momentum. Once more, man was learning that, in the oft-quoted words of Rousseau, he is born free only to find himself in chains. He was no longer a citizen of a true commonwealth but a subject within what Hilaire Belloc was to call "the servile state."

What concerned Moody was not the existence of God, which lay outside of his sphere of influence, but the dignity of man. Everywhere he encountered people whose lives were a might-have-been. Some of them were enslaved by drink and drugs. Others were on the wrong side of the law. Many were sick of heart. Many lacked an aim in life. Is it enough to say to ourselves that God is power and that there is nothing that we can do about it?

On every side Moody had been surrounded by the compulsions of environment. Of him Wordsworth might have written: "Shades of the prison house begin to close upon the growing boy."

He left the comparative freedom of the countryside. He was regimented according to the routine of the city,

and there was nothing to suggest that he would be different from hosts of others. Yet he escaped. Stone walls did not his prison make nor iron bars his cage. With Henley, he could say, "I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul."

It was not enough for Moody as an ambassador of God to say that man has brain and body and a certain position in society. Over the brain, over the body, over the circumstances, however turbulent and rebellious they may be, presides the will. Man is equipped with the faculty of decision. When Moody asked people to come to Christ, the importance of the question lay in the fact that they were endowed with the momentous prerogative of accepting or refusing the invitation. It was a faith shared with Moody that Tennyson enunciated when he wrote:

"Our wills are ours; we know not how
Our wills are ours, to make them thine."

A ship is built in a shipyard. It may be a sailing ship, schooner, brig or clipper. It may be a steamboat, liner, freighter or dreadnought. Whatever be the vessel, whatever its purpose, one thing is certain: it has to be launched. It cannot be a ship at all unless, as a material entity, it be born.

To launch a ship, to paint her hull and her funnels, to fit her with engines, to fill her bunkers with coal and her hold with cargo, is not enough. Such a ship might be moored to a dock for the rest of its existence and never leave the harbour. A ship does not justify itself

unless it puts out to sea, and the moment that we talk about navigation we arrive at a point of decision. Who is to be captain of the ship? Who is to stand at the wheel? Whom will the rudder obey? For what port is the vessel making her way and by what route? A ship, when launched, is put into commission.

To the mercantile marine there is thus no difficulty in applying the idea of birth followed by rebirth; nor do developments in the mercantile marine change the procedure. To say that we have bigger ships than in Moody's day, and faster ships, and more elaborate ships; to add that there are new arrangements for safety of navigation, wireless, adequate provision of lifeboats and other devices, merely enhances the importance of having so large a ship, so valuable a ship under proper control. On her maiden voyage the *Titanic* was the most civilised and scientific ship afloat. They said that it was physically impossible for so wonderful a ship to sink. But she was steered straight to the most terrible of all oceanic disasters, and so with the *Lusitania*. What was the use of her speed, her luxury, the value of treasure in her hold, if the world has ceased to be safe for *Lusitanias*?

Moody as a boy was launched like a ship into the deep waters of life. That was his birth in the flesh. The day came when he was, as it were, brought into commission, and this was his birth in the Spirit. He did not change himself—not for him by taking thought to add a cubit to his stature. But he gave himself, and from that day onwards Moody ceased to be his own master. The Captain came aboard.

A minister took Moody to task for preaching "sudden conversion." It was, he said, a "pernicious doctrine." Moody's rejoinder was characteristic in its vigour. "Point out to me," he answered, "one single conversion in the Bible that was not sudden," and, despite Moody's assurance, I am inclined to take up the challenge.

In the sixteenth chapter of the Acts there is a story that Moody knew by heart. It is the account of the earthquake in Philippi, when the jailer of the prison where Paul was confined threw up his hands and cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" That has always been the classic case of sudden conversion, quoted by evangelists on a thousand platforms.

But is that the only conversion recorded in this famous chapter? There was also a woman at Philippi, "a seller of purple," called Lydia, and of her the testimony is "whose heart the Lord opened." With due respect to Moody, there need not be anything sudden about the opening of a heart to the influence of Love. It may be as silent and as gradual as the unfolding of a sensitive flower to the warmth and radiance of the sun.

The conversion of Moody was definitely dated. It happened at a certain time and in a certain place. But in what sense was it sudden? Following the method of Moody, who seldom spoke without a parable, let us suppose that a grocer is weighing a pound of sugar. In one scale is the weight; in the other, a bag into which the sugar is poured. A single grain may turn the scale and lift the weight. But that single grain

would be powerless if it were the only grain of sugar on the pile. It makes all the difference because it happens to be the last grain that is added to the others. What we call the conversion of Moody was as sudden as the turning of a scale—that is true—but it was none the less true that it was the result of many cumulative circumstances. Here was no conjuring trick, unrelated to the life that Moody had been living and would have to live. Here was fulfillment of that life—the attainment of what the life was intended to be.

What was revealed to Moody may be defined as a deeper insight into the Being of God. Power that compels is not the essence of that Being. It is only the instrument of God's will. The most stupendous aphorism ever written on paper by the pen of man, in whatever measure man has been inspired when he writes, is not, "God is Power;" it is the statement, "God is Love." That statement, in all its far-reaching implications, was accepted by Moody. One of his favourite stories was of a farmer who painted "God is Love" on the weather-vane above his barn. Somebody asked him whether this did not suggest that God's love is as changeable as the wind. The farmer replied, "I believe that God is Love, whichever way the wind blows."

Browse in a library and you will be astonished by the infrequency of allusions to, or explanations of, the Love of God. The great text, God is Love, has been treated with what can only be described as contemptuous indifference to the fullness of its immeasurable meaning. It is a nice motto for Sunday-School children

to take home framed for their bedrooms, and this means that Sunday-School children cannot be expected to know anything about words of more than one syllable.

Nobody attempting to explain Moody can rest content with such a travesty of a truth which, if it be accepted, must be surveyed as the background of all truth. If God is Love, if Love be the universal mind that created and sustains the world, it follows that a man of God, be he Moody or anyone else, must be a man of Love; an ambassador of God must be an ambassador of Love, and this was Moody's conception of his credentials. It was his business to make people aware of and to invite them to be responsive to Love. He said: "It would not take twenty-four hours to make the world come to God if you could only make them believe that God is Love."

There is a romantic poem which Coleridge opens with the stanza:

" All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

That is what Coleridge thought about what it is our custom to call human affection, and Henry Drummond, in his turn, delivered an impromptu address on Love which somebody took down in shorthand. It was published under the title, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, and few, if any, single addresses, when put

into print, have achieved so enormous a circulation over so long a period of time.

The astonishing thing is that this short word, which everybody uses, should still signify for most people no more than a more or less amorous abstraction. Turn to dictionaries, and you will find that the definitions of Love are merely empirical. They are varied. They are uncertain. Moody once said that there is no mystery in death, only in life. What precisely he meant I will not attempt to suggest. But in Love there has certainly lurked an age-long and, surely, a needless mystery which may and should be dispelled.

The love that is God cannot be simply a sentiment, an emotion, an impulse, an indulgence. Any such love would have been absurdly insufficient as a source of the power and wisdom that have suspended the seven stars of Orion in the vast spaces of the universe. Love is as exact a theorem as a formula in algebra or the relativity of Einstein. Love is actually an equation. It is life in the life of others. To quote the Elizabethan lines of Sir Philip Sidney:

“My true love hath my heart,
And I have his.
By just exchange, the one to the other given.”

The love of a husband is the life that he shares with his wife. The love of a wife is the life that she shares with her husband. So with parents and children. So with students and a college. So with soldiers and a regiment. So with citizens and a country. Every-

where love is the exchange of life—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—and in international affairs we are learning to our cost what are the distresses that follow when love is impeded.

In the long corridors of the portrait gallery that surrounds the palace of the past which we call history we see men of charm, men of ability, men of perception, men of genius, men of ambition, men of violence. These men enriched and adorned and exploited and dominated many spheres within civilisation, political, naval, military and cultural. To all of these men and women Moody applied one test—how much did they love? Amid a profusion of cultural and political endeavours, good, bad and indifferent, nothing less than love was good enough for him.

Love may be human or divine. But it is never other than love—one and indivisible as mind—the mind of God—for, as St. John tells us in his second epistle, “love is of God.” According to St. John, “everyone that loveth is born of God,” and the birth of love in the heart of Moody is one of the romances of all time. Struggling through the clouds that darkened his early days, gleams of light revealed the infinities of the light beyond.

There were four avenues along which love reached this youth and won his heart. All of these avenues were what we call social, that is, they were breaks in his environment. The four converging influences that contributed to the final decision were, first, the home; secondly, the church; thirdly, the day school, and, fourthly, the Sunday School.

This boy was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. What he had to face was a hard and, so far as he was concerned, an unfair world. There was a little farmhouse surrounded by a few acres of stony ground which yielded but a limited return in produce. The property was mortgaged and there were other debts. It was no wonder. The father—a stonemason for part of his time—had to eke out a living for a wife and seven children. The strain of bread-winning proved too much for the man and one day he collapsed, dying in a few hours. "The creditors," said Moody, "came in and took everything," and a month after her bereavement the widow gave birth to twins, increasing the number of her children to nine. If ever a home were plunged into a desperate situation it was the home where Moody was brought up. The mother's hair quickly went white.

"What," asked Moody, "makes home attractive? Is it beautiful statuary, or costly paintings on the wall? Is it handsome furniture, or beautiful grounds? I tell you many such homes are nothing but gilded sepulchers." The background of Moody's being was a home. It was poor in goods, sometimes beyond belief. But it was rich, sometimes beyond belief, in love.

Moody's father is sometimes dismissed from the reckoning as an improvident failure. What emerges out of the mists that enfold this forgotten man is a memory that, in the mind of Moody, was ineradicable. A husband and a wife were in love. They lived for one another and had little else to live for.

On the love which was the source of his being Moody based his view of marriage. That view is expressed in two statements. The first defines his idea of what is meant by a suitable marriage. "A godly man has no right to ask a godless woman for her hand," said he, "and a godless man has no right to ask a godly woman for her heart and hand," by which he meant the full content of the words he used. He did not say that a religious man has no right to ask an irreligious woman for her heart and hand. He did not say that an irreligious man has no right to ask a religious woman for her hand. Godliness, not religion, was the test—God-like-ness—a likeness to the God Who is Love. It is not easy to say what church was attended by Isaac and Rebecca when they turned a tent into a home. But they were loving, not unloving; they were Godlike, not ungodly, and despite all stresses and strains, their home endured to the end.

The second statement is a corollary of the first. "I pity any woman," said Moody, "that will try to lead away another woman's husband, and blight a family, and break up a happy home. God have mercy on the woman who will do that." Nor was he less severe on a man who commits what he considered to be a similar offence. "I firmly believe that the most infernal sin that the sun shines on today in America is the way a so-called 'fallen' woman is treated. She has been wronged, ostracised from society, cast out and dragged down by the hounds of hell; and the man that wronged her holds his head high and walks down the aisles of the church."

The Love of God in the home was revealed to Moody in the person of his mother. When the blow fell and she was left a widow, they suggested to her that it would be the best plan to surrender all save her youngest children and allow them to be brought up elsewhere. She refused and with a faith that, throughout his whole life, profoundly influenced Moody.

Her husband, during their happiness as bride and bridegroom, had been to Boston and bought her a Bible. In that Bible she entered the names of her children, and at the dreadful moment when she was urged to give them up, she drew a line in pencil around a certain text (Jer. 49: 11): "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." That text was Moody's title deed to a mother's personal love and care. She would not consent to the plan of sending him—and the others—away into the cold.

The line of a mother's pencil around the text is the best symbol of what Moody thought about the Scriptures. Over problems of authorship, discrepancies and other perplexities of scholarship, critics might wrangle to their hearts' content. Moody replied with a touch of exultant gaiety:

"As for the mysteries in the Bible, I am glad they are there. If I could read that Book as I do any other book, I would have mastered it over forty years ago. I am glad there are heights and depths I have never been able to measure. If man wrote that Book, we could write another, and we

could have thousands of different Bibles. If I could understand it all, it would be pretty good proof that it did not come from God."

All the rapture that is aroused by indulgence in cross-word puzzles, in advertising competitions, in sweepstakes, was far surpassed by Moody's self-educative study of the Scriptures. "You never see men digging ten years at the Bible," he would say, "as lawyers dig at Blackstone." But he did, and the exercise of digging developed the boy into the man. The Bible was his university. It stimulated the universals within him. Asked if the Book was inspired, he replied, "It inspires me."

What mattered to Moody was the Bible as a record of life. It was the Bible that convinced him of love as the essence of life. He read therein a guarantee that God is Love. "When a man tells me that he can't believe the Bible," said Moody, "I would like to have him put his hand on a simple promise that God has not kept." Again, "It is easy for some to laugh at the Bible; but the hour is coming when one promise in the old Book will be worth more than ten thousand worlds like this"—words uttered, it must be remembered, before the wars and revolutions, the massacres and persecutions that have been impoverishing and embittering much of "the old world" since Moody's death.

With his usual humour, Moody told of a young man who called on his pastor. "I want to show you your Bible," said this young man, and the pastor asked

what he meant by that. "Well," said the young man, "I have sat under your preaching for five years, and when you spoke of anything in the Bible as not being authentic, I cut it out." About a third of the pastor's Bible had been eliminated.

"I am one of those old-fashioned people," said Moody, "who believe the Bible. I believe it is literally true of any man who examines it with the Spirit that rivers of truth will flow out of him." He was convinced that the world needs "expository preachers"—people who will explain the Bible to the people—and a recent questionnaire at the Mount Hermon School has indicated that the most appreciated sermons have been those which are most clearly in accord with Moody's opinion. A secular publisher has not hesitated to print much of the Bible as a commercial venture and to advertise it as the best seller. The entire Bible was Moody's Bible.

At the homestead in Northfield it was a dark dawn for a boy's life, and the boy was by no means reconciled to his fate. He was full of mischief. He played practical jokes. He began to depend on his wits. What he admired in Moses, when he learned about Moses in Sunday School, was the fact that the law-giver was at times such a "smart" man. He liked to be "smart" himself. Employed on a potato patch, he did his work so carelessly that he had to set a mark in the soil to show him next day where he had left off the night before. In later life Moody made no secret of these youthful tendencies, and in his eager initiative students of juvenile delinquency will detect

the danger signals. If ever there were a boy to be saved from himself, it was this handful of inexhaustible energy.

Moody's mother had no illusions as to her son. On suitable occasions, she would tell him to find a switch and bring it to her. He would try to circumvent the maternal intentions by selecting dry wood that would break with ease, but, on the whole, the mother ran no risk of spoiling her child by sparing the rod. "You are not hurting me," remarked the boy one day. His mother soon saw to that.

Trained by such a mother, Moody did not quarrel with a God Who at times shows His love to man by chastening. As he adored his mother, so did he worship his mother's God. In her courageous face he saw the truth that the love of a mother is shown not only by what love achieves. Love has also to endure. An elder brother of Moody read some novels—this is the evangelist's account of it—and decided to be among the heroes who go forth into the world to seek a fortune. For years little, if anything, was heard about him, and the silent anguish of the mother, waiting in vain for news, deeply impressed her son. For the first time, he realised what it means to a parent—what it means to God as a Father—when a child is alienated from the home where he has always been welcome.

It was in terms of a home where he had actually lived, therefore, that Moody explained the Love of God. The association of God with man is reciprocal. First, God as Father claims the obedience of His children and uses means to encourage that obedience.

Secondly, God's children claim the care of their Father. These inseparable claims, acknowledged together, are what Moody meant by faith, and "faith in Christ is the same kind of faith that men have in one another." The living of the life worth living was how he lived under a mother's roof. It was "obey and trust"—"trust and obey."

There are many critics of the Church. Nobody could describe the church of Moody's boyhood as an accepted institution. Among some of Moody's friends it was anathema, and they would rather have died than belong to it. They doubted that it was a Christian church. In fact, it was Unitarian.

In later years, Moody admitted that he did not receive instruction in what he held to be the fullness of the Gospel. Of dogma, over which there was perpetual wrangling, he had been taught nothing, and with the sermons of his boyhood he does not appear to have been in the least impressed. What did convince him was God's love disclosed in the minister. This Unitarian, by name Everett, may have been a Samaritan, but he was a good Samaritan. It was the Unitarian minister who, contending against the mountainous mortgages, helped Mrs. Moody to hold her home together.

The day school contributed. There had been a teacher who ruled the youngsters with a rod of wood. Then came a teacher who determined that she would try to master unruly wills by her friendship. Moody was, as usual, among the first to break the rules. But when she explained to him the meaning of her policy,

he was overcome and woe betide any boy who dared to give further trouble. He had to deal not only with the teacher, but with her most distinguished and zealous student. The fourth influence was the Sunday School in Boston. It is our custom in these days to appraise Sunday Schools by academic standards. So inspected, the teaching that Moody received was doubtless elementary. But it was not the teaching that made the difference. It was the teacher. Moody's mother had loved him, the minister had loved him, the day-school teacher had loved him and now he found that a Sunday-School teacher, called Kimball, also loved him.

He was at work one day in the store, standing on a ladder and arranging shoes on the shelves. He did not see a man outside, walking up and down the pavement in front of the store. He did not hear this man quietly enter the store and step onto the ladder. But he did feel a touch, and in later years he would say that he never lost the sense that there was some hand on his shoulder.

He turned and faced his Sunday-School teacher. A thought flashed through his mind. "If this man cares enough about me to come to this store when I have no claim on him," he argued, "it may be that God also cares." There was little said. Edward Kimball, the teacher, asked Moody to give himself to God. Moody answered in the affirmative; they knelt, and the die was cast.

THE SEQUEL

“**T**HE course of true love never did run smooth,” says Shakespeare, but romance is usually rewarded by a happy ending. So has it been with the popular idea of conversion. The prodigal wanders over many a far country, where he wastes the resources of his character. He is seized by a deep conviction of sin and decides that this kind of folly must stop. He returns in penitence to the father’s home. The father meets him halfway and orders his servants to bring forth the best robe and put it on him, to put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet, to kill the fatted calf and make merry; for a son who seemed to be dead to all decency is alive again—the lost is found. Ring the bells of heaven for a soul is saved today.

To the end of his earthly life Moody remembered the anniversary of his new birth as his one and only red-letter day. As in years past, distance lent enchantment to the glorious memory. We have this:

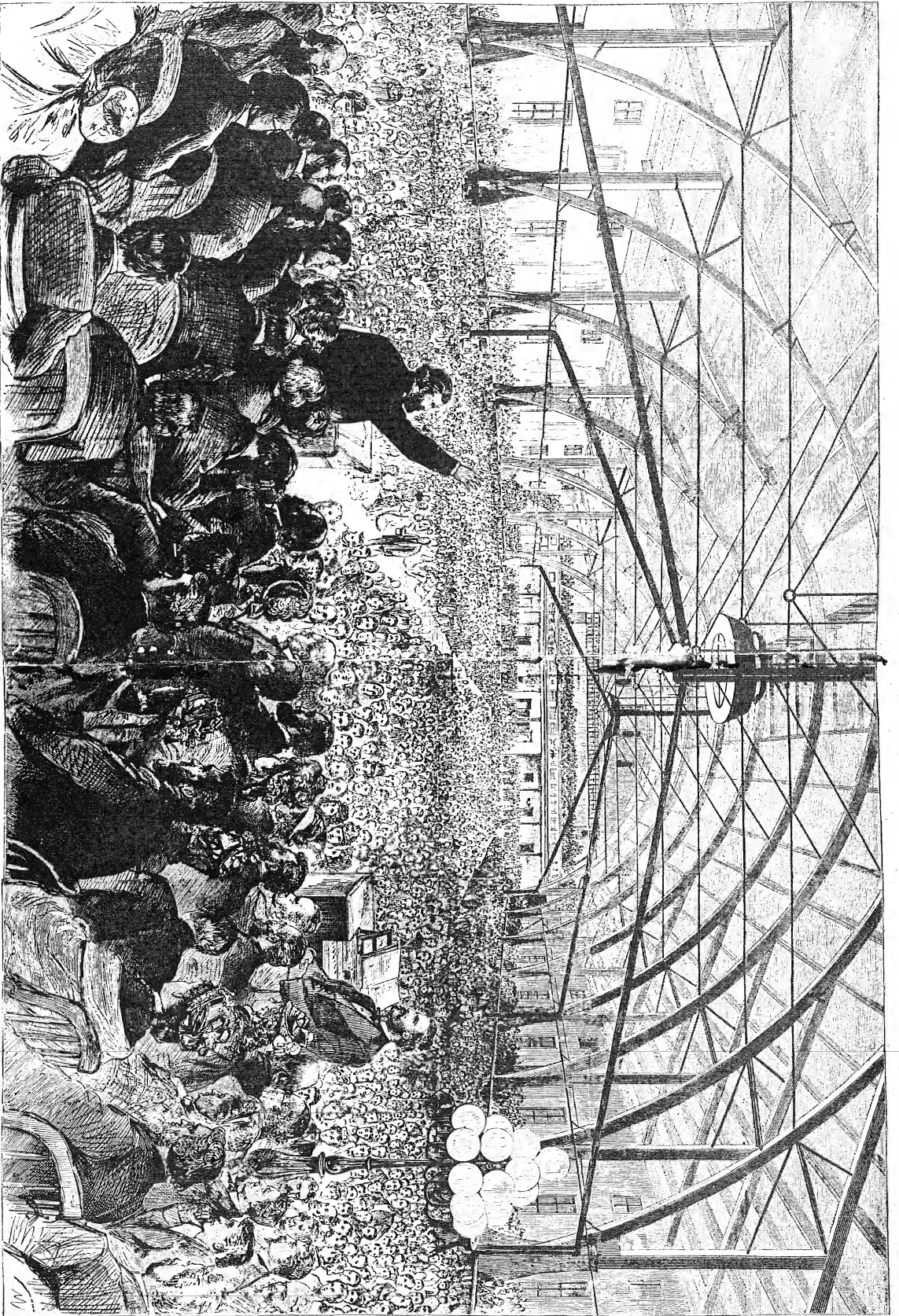
“I remember the morning on which I came out of my room after I had first trusted Christ. I thought the old sun shone a good deal brighter than it ever had before. I thought that it was

just smiling upon me; and as I walked out upon Boston Common and heard the birds singing in the trees I thought they were all singing a song to me. Do you know, I fell in love with the birds. I had never cared for them before. It seemed to me that I was in love with all creation. I had not a bitter feeling against any man, and I was ready to take all men to my heart. If a man has not the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he has never been regenerated. If you hear a person get up in the prayer-meeting and he begins to find fault with everybody, you may doubt whether his is a genuine conversion; it may be counterfeit. It has not the right ring, because the impulse of a converted soul is to love, and not to be getting up and complaining of everyone else and finding fault."

"It is a great thing," he would say, "to see a man full of praise and thanksgiving," and he told how "a lark never sings when coming down; only when mounting up."

To suppose that Moody's conversion was merely the end of a chapter would be, however, a great mistake. It was also the beginning of a new and much more important chapter in his career. He did not drop anchor in harbour and unload the cargo. He weighed anchor, put out to sea, touched at many ports and everywhere added to the values in his being.

So far from having an easy time of it, he was for the first time in his life up against it. The life worth-



A TYPICAL MOODY AND SANKER

MEETING AT THE BROOKLYN RINK

just smiling upon me; and as I walked out upon Boston Common and heard the birds singing in the trees I thought they were all singing a song to me. Do you know, I fell in love with the birds. I had never cared for them before. It seemed to me that I was in love with all creation. I had not a bitter feeling against any man, and I was ready to take all men to my heart. If a man has not the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he has never been regenerated. If you hear a person get up in the prayer-meeting and he begins to find fault with everybody, you may doubt whether his is a genuine conversion; it may be counterfeit. It has not the right ring, because the impulse of a converted soul is to love, and not to be getting up and complaining of everyone else and finding fault."

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while had to be lived by a worth-while man. One of his most celebrated contemporaries was the English poet, Robert Browning. Millions who have read little and understood less of his poetry have seen him on the stage and screen as a dashing young Lochinvar rescuing Elizabeth Barrett from the clutches of the unnatural father who tyrannised over a home in Wimpole Street. While Moody was working on the potato patch at Northfield, Browning was pondering over man's quest for the divine, and in 1850 there appeared the dramatised soliloquy that he wrote on Easter Day. It opens with the lines:

“How very hard it is to be
A Christian! Hard for you and me,
—Not the mere task of making real
That duty up to its ideal,
Effecting thus, complete and whole,
A purpose of the human soul —
For that is always hard to do;
But hard, I mean, for me and you
To realise it, more or less,
With even the moderate success
Which commonly repays our strife
To carry out the aims of life.”

How very hard it is to be a Christian—this was the lesson which Moody had no difficulty in learning. “When,” said he, “I was converted, I thought that the battle was fought and the victory was won. I soon found out that I was mistaken, and that the battle had only just begun.” He wrote sometimes as if he were a Stevenson describing Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

"The horse," he would say, "has but one nature and he is true to it. The sheep, the ox, are true to their natures." But the child of God has two natures. One is "deceitful, corrupt and carnal." The other is "heavenly" and "divine." He adds: "I never had any serious conflict with myself until I got the new nature; then the warfare began." We have this: "The lust of flesh is appetite. I must either control my appetite or it will control me."

In a recreation like chess or billiards a man plays his own game, makes his own moves, keeps his own score, and that is one aspect of life. John Bunyan describes the progress of a pilgrim along a lonely road, what adventures he encounters, what dangers, what pleasures, what victories, what defeats. Charles Wesley had that idea when he wrote:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

We recall the saying: "O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul."

Pursuing the quest for God, saints in all ages have subjected themselves to the discipline of penance. They have worn hair shirts, lacerated themselves with whips, held an arm extended in the air, and fasted until hunger emaciated their bodies. In certain religions there is an elaborate code of penance and a discipline of asceticism.

Moody was never thus afflicted. He had found his

way, as he told the world, to the foot of the Cross. There he had seen Christ, not only as an example of the perfect life, not only as the teacher of the perfect wisdom, but as the embodiment of an illimitable love. Within the wonder of that love unto death, even the death of the Cross, he had no thought left in his mind for personal guilt. He was a sinner. But Christ had won the right to forgive him and, as a forgiven man, he could proceed on his way rejoicing.

It was not as a self-centered anchorite, thinking only of his own welfare, here and hereafter, that Moody fought the good fight of faith. A true repentance was never expressed in restraint of faculties, bodily or mental. It did not weaken any natural impulse. The rule was to use all that there was in personality, but in a right way. The converted Moody lived more abundantly than he had ever lived in the past. He did more in a day than he had ever done before.

Moody lived in a period when the problem of unemployment had yet to be realised by the community as a whole. What he did realise was the fact that the problem involves wealth as well as poverty. "I pity the man who has nothing to do," he would say, "even if he is worth his millions," and he would remark that "a young man who has nothing to do is the devil's playfellow." He put it thus: "I can't conceive of a greater mistake a rich man can make than to pile up wealth and leave it to his sons: you had better be your own executor and dispose of your property before you die."

To the solution of the problem of unemployment

he made a definite contribution. He did not discuss the question whether work should be offered by the state or by private industry. What interested Moody was the worker, whoever gives him the job. According to Moody, a man when saved is worth more to himself, to his family and to society than a man unsaved. That was the meaning of salvation. Who is last hired and first fired? The drunkard, the wastrel, the gambler, the fellow without a zest for life.

The totalitarian state claims the individual and puts him to work. Moody anticipated and avoided any such necessity. He recognised that his life was no longer his own, that it must be devoted henceforth to the service of the community. But, in the words of Paul, the slavery of Christ was perfect freedom. God does not merely rule the world. He loves the world and all who dwell therein. A life given to God must be a life at the disposal of those whom God loves. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel.

"I am inclined to think," said Moody, "that about ninety-nine persons out of every hundred start out on their career with a false idea of life." That wrong idea was self-expression. During the furore at Moscow that accompanied the Russian Revolution everyone thought that he could do what he supposed that he was best fitted to do. There were said to be 10,000 poets and 5,000 other poets on half time.

Conversion meant a fresh start with the right idea. The true life is not merely self-expression. It is the expression of what is better than self. The last thing that Moody wanted at Northfield was 15,000 evan-

gelists, whole-time or part-time, and all talking at once. Converts at Moody's mission did not try, as a rule, to be second Moodys and they who did try usually failed.

"I believe," said Moody, "if the truth was known, that every man's life is planned by the Almighty, and away back in the councils of eternity God laid out work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work He has laid out for me to do. No one can do it but myself."

That work, in Moody's case, developed into a spectacular evangelism. But it did not thus begin. When Moody set forth on his pilgrimage, the landscape was the same as it had been. Life was still the same old walk along a road, step by step. There was a job to be held, there were jobs to be found. But there was a change in direction—a slight change it might seem to be at the moment—but a change that, as time went on, changed everything. The low road lies along the level. The high road ascends.

There is a tendency in certain movements to take the convert and exhibit him or her as a shining example of what the Grace of God can accomplish in a modern era. People arise and testify concerning their experiences and are applauded by a kind of welcome committee. It was not what happened to Moody.

He was not so fortunate as to fall in with a group within the church eager for adherents. He had to overcome the perennial inertia of the church itself. The church was situated in Boston at a period antecedent to later immigration—a Boston which, ecclesiastical

and cultural, could still be defined as "a state of mind." Among the authorities of the church, there was general and sympathetic agreement over the news that, in the shoe store, a boy had been "awakened." But Moody was quickly disillusioned over the idea, if any such idea entered his head, that he was the first person on this planet to discover the love of God for man. Not for a moment was he permitted to expect others to accept him at his own valuation. On no occasion was he presented to the public as a kind of prisoner of the holy war against the devil and all his angels. It was a whole year before he was admitted as a member of the church and no alien immigrant detained on Ellis Island could have been subjected to a more critical scrutiny.

There was a *viva voce* examination. "What," he was asked, "has Christ done for you, and for us all, that especially entitles Him to our love and obedience?" The boy replied, "I think He has done a great deal for us all, but I don't know of anything that He has done in particular." The reply was held to be wholly inadequate and Moody was told that he must be more fully instructed before he could be associated with the faithful at the table of the Lord.

The church, like a college dealing with a student, made formal reports on the boy's growth in grace, and here they are:

"No. 1079. Dwight L. Moody. Boards, 43 Court Street. Has been baptised. First awakened on the 16th of May. Became anxious about



himself. Saw himself a sinner, and sin now seems hateful and holiness desirable. Thinks he has repented; has purposed to give up sin; feels dependent upon Christ for forgiveness. Loves the Scriptures. Prays. Desires to be useful. Religiously educated. Been in the city a year. From Northfield, this state. Is not ashamed to be known as Christian. Eighteen years old.

"No. 1131. March 12, 1856. Mr. Moody thinks he has made some progress since he was here before—at least in knowledge. Has maintained his habits of prayer and reading the Bible. Believes God will hear his prayers, and reads his Bible. Is fully determined to adhere to the cause of Christ always. Feels that it would be very bad if he should join the church and then turn. Must repent and ask forgiveness, for Christ's sake. Will never give up his hope, or love Christ less, whether admitted to the church or not. His prevailing intention is to give up his will to God."

It was precisely as if Philip the Evangelist had said to the Ethiopian eunuch—as if Paul the Apostle had said to the Philippian jailor—"Return in a year's time and I will consult with the faithful in Christ Jesus and tell you whether we can take the risk of admitting you by baptism into the church."

Of this chilly welcome one would wish to speak with all due restraint. It is, however, difficult to reconcile such an attitude toward the boy with loyalty to Christ Whose express promise is: "Him that cometh to me

I will in no wise cast out." It was unjust to Moody who had obeyed the call to follow Jesus. Moody was a high-spirited lad who developed into one of the most masterful personalities of his time. His mother said of him that he thought of himself as a man when he was only a boy. For the stepfathers in God it was thus fortunate that the boy's patience outlasted their veteran prudence. Where others are alienated beyond recall by institutional exclusions which Christ definitely forbade, Moody—like an emperor at Canossa—was willing to stand barefoot in the snows of dogmatic suspicions.

What enabled him as a convert to maintain a balance of judgment was a mind, manifest already within him, which was larger than his own had been. It was "the imitation of Christ," as Thomas à Kempis has described it, that had become his career. He was ready to be made of no reputation because Christ had been made of no reputation. For Christ's sake he was willing to be as a student in high school whose graduation is deferred. He confessed that, in the fundamentals of the Christian faith, as then defined, he had been but ill-instructed.

In the soul of Dwight L. Moody there was never a root of bitterness. He might not approve of many matters. But he was too grateful to Christ for suffering on the Cross for his sins ever to be himself a man with a grievance. No man saw more than he saw of the stupidities of the clergy. No man could have more effectively attacked the clergy. No man did more than he to help the clergy. He was the outstanding

example of the theory that churches are what laymen enable them to be.

Moody did not try to abolish any church. What he said to every church, Protestant or Catholic, was, "Throw open your doors to the people." This boy, who had been held at arm's length by a church in Boston, went to Chicago and insisted on hiring half a dozen pews, which he filled with people, boys included, who had never been welcome in a church before.

VI

HIS MISSION

CONVERTS are among the makers of history, and unless conversion be included in the record, history cannot be written. As a convert, Moody found himself in good company. On the road to Damascus, Paul the Apostle was converted, and it made a difference to history. In a garden at Milan, St. Augustine, a great father of the Church, was converted, and it made a difference to history. Martin Luther and John Wesley and John Bunyan and William Booth—all of them were converted, and they also made a difference to history. The conversion of the Emperor Constantine, whether we do or do not believe in the flaming Cross that he is said to have seen in the sky, marked an epoch in the progress of the Roman Empire. In a well-known date book, the successive conversions of Ethelbert, King of Kent, and of Edwin, King of Northumbria, thirteen centuries ago, are marked in large print, so decisive were these occurrences for the future of English civilisation.

In the nineteenth century there were two outstanding converts, each of whom, in turn, made history. Each of these converts, when the time came, said in his heart, "I have a work to do in England," and in

each case it was a great work. One of the converts was John Henry Newman, the other was Dwight Lyman Moody, and these great men shed a reciprocal light, the one upon the other, as ambassadors of God. Newman's career was within the Church. It was the Church that defined his parish. Moody's parish, whether as evangelist or educator, was the world.

Newman was, first and foremost, an Englishman. He belonged to the privileged few who in England are known as the leisured class. Life was handed to him on a silver platter, and he had but to accept the gift. He may not have been rich. His family lost money. But he was blessed with private means, and at no time did the earning of a livelihood, whether for himself or others, enter into his serious calculations. He had servants to wait on him who approached his presence with all due respect. He died a bachelor, and by adopting the rule of celibacy he reduced his domesticities to a minimum and relieved himself of many perplexities that arise in the home.

As a man of culture, Newman was the ornament of an admiring Oxford. Within his university he was sheltered from the rough and tumble of an industrial era. The people that he met were nice people whose conversation was a pleasure. His preaching was heard by the few. But those few were the cultured. Newman's preaching was the ultimate art of the academic. By birth and upbringing he was a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman. He would have been horrified at the idea of being anything else.

What Newman meant by conversion was not, there-

fore, a coming to Christ. He had already come to Christ, and with his whole being he adored the Redeemer. What happened was that he left one communion of saints and joined another. The Church of England lost him—the Church of Rome won him. But the Church Universal had him all the time within her embrace.

The influence of Newman after conversion has been far-reaching. He demonstrated that an acute intellect, a brilliant pen, a saintly life could be dedicated to the Church that continued to be what it had been before the Middle Ages. When it is possible to tell the whole story of the Redeemer's presence in human society, it may be found that Newman was divinely guided to make a momentous contribution to the weaving afresh of the rent robe that clothes the Bride of Christ. He enabled Protestants to know more than they had known of Catholics. In him Catholics saw more than they had seen in Protestants and realised how much Protestantism can contribute to the family of faith.

The fact remains that Newman, at his conversion, was not dealing with the question whether the dead should be alive again—the lost found. His trouble was ecclesiastical and theological. It was over the Nicene Creed that he lavished his surplus of time and energy. Of his contemporaries, not one in a hundred understood the Monophysite heresy over which he was losing his sleep and disturbing the tranquillity of his soul.

The conversion of Newman was less of a stimulus than a sedative. Before conversion, he had wrestled in thought and prayer over mysteries of the Incarna-

tion. After conversion, there was a great calm. "From the time I became a Catholic," he wrote, "of course, I have no further history of my religious opinions to relate." A sensitive intellect had been led by the "kindly light" of reason "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent," into a traditional fold. After a stormy voyage, a ship entered the harbour, dropped anchor, and there remained at its moorings for forty-five years. The career culminated in Newman's elevation to be a Cardinal and a Prince of the church of his adoption.

In the Middle Ages the community used to entertain itself by producing and witnessing what were described as "mystery plays." The particular fascination of a mystery play was that each person in the audience seemed to be watching himself on the stage. The favourite actor in a mystery play was known as Everyman. What he acted, was what might and did happen to everybody. Everyman was every man.

Moody was every man's everyman. He belonged to and he appealed to the great multitude that no man can number, who, for hard and inescapable reason, cannot be Newman's. These people are not born to economic and social privileges. They are not sheltered within and nourished by any Oxford. Many of them do not belong in a real sense to any church. They have no time for prolonged meditations on the Council of Nicæa. They have to face the duties of the day and they need strength to overcome the day's difficulties.

Producers of moving pictures do not need to be told

that on the screen people like to see themselves. The men achieve the success that all men wish to achieve. The women display the charm that all women wish to display. Life is lived as all life is supposed to be lived, and this has been the reason for a number of best-sellers in the realm of fiction. The men and women of Main Street read the novel that describes Main Street.

Moody was an exemplar of what President Harding meant by his famous word normalcy. He uttered great truths. But he taught them as people usually talk. He thought great thoughts. But he thought them as people usually think. He behaved as a Christian. But he behaved as anyone else should behave who makes that profession. Never did he try to attract notice to himself by peculiarities. His gestures were never gesticulations nor were any of his characteristics to be advertised as idiosyncrasies. He sought so to behave that all could behave likewise.

At his Silver Jubilee King George V was amazed by the enthusiasm evoked. "I am after all only a very ordinary kind of fellow," said he to the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was wonderful that an ordinary fellow should be occupying an ancient throne. This was the kind of remark that Moody was always making about himself. Like Lincoln, he believed that God must have loved common people or He would not have made so many of them, and that was why people heard Him gladly. It was wonderful that an ordinary fellow should be proclaiming the Gospel of the grace of God, and saying so simply, "What we want to remember

is that Jesus Christ is the friend of the common people like you and me."

People in the crowds that thronged around Moody were just people. They looked at one another as people usually look at other people and so went their way. Moody could not bestow on others a glance thus casual. He could not be the man of God that he was except as an ambassador of God to other men. Everyone, therefore, who came into personal contact with Moody suggested the inescapable mark of interrogation. If a man met you in the street or train and, after tactful preliminaries, uttered the words, "Are you a Christian?" it was taken for granted that he must have been Dwight L. Moody.

The manner of the question invites a word or two of comment. The word Christian is a label. It was never used by Christ. It did not originate among the apostles or within the Church. It was first applied to the disciples years after Christ lived on earth, died and rose again, and not at Bethlehem, not at Nazareth, not at Jerusalem. Only when the followers of Jesus assembled at Antioch were they identified as "Christians" by a hostile community.

Moody's way of phrasing his question was thus doubtfully Scriptural. Falling on many ears, the question, "Are you a Christian?" is apt to create a false impression. Nine out of ten people to whom Moody thus spoke already professed and called themselves Christian. Most of them had been baptised—many had been married according to some religious rite. Funerals in such families were conducted accord-

ing to the Christian practice. It cannot have been, therefore, this kind of Christianity that Moody had in mind when he wanted to know whether a person was a Christian. The content of the question overflowed such ecclesiastical and statistical formalities, and Moody told with relish the story of a woman who was sure that she was a Christian because, as she said, "my brother is an archdeacon of the Church of England."

Ownership—that was the issue faced by Moody—to whom does life belong? He faced that issue for himself and arrived at a decision. He sought to arouse others to a sense of the importance of the issue and he helped thousands of them to reach the decision that he had made his own. He insisted that the decision confronts mankind as a whole. Men and women by the hundred heard the call of Christ after meeting Moody, and went into the world to preach the Gospel.

Decision is an interruption of habit, of custom, of routine. A person who reaches a decision is conscious of a sudden and special effort of the will. He has to give orders, as it were, to those mental and bodily faculties which, in more or less rebellious fashion, are subject to his sovereignty. Decision is thus accompanied, as a rule, by some kind of a fuss.

A train makes more noise when it starts and when the brakes bring it to a stop than when it is running uniformly on the level. It is with a shout that cavalry spur their horses to the charge. It is with a gesture that a mountaineer, gathering up his energies, leaps across a chasm; that the bather plunges into a swim-

ming pool, and an assistance to decision is mass-momentum. Football and baseball and cricket and tennis are played, races are run or rowed, amid the enthusiasm of a crowd.

Moody had a warm heart that overflowed with generous emotions. "The more the heart gives," he would say, "the more it will receive from on high."—"It makes all the difference in the world where your heart is." As an evangelist, it was his custom to share his whole heart with the people. Nothing of himself was held back. But it was never as an excited man that he appeared on the platform. There might be tears at times in his eyes. But it was manifest at once that he was in absolute command of himself. Seldom, if ever, was he at a loss to deal with a situation—seldom was he taken by surprise. His mind had been made up and it was governed by an un-deviating and even an unimaginative loyalty to logic. Of sloppy and slushy morbidity Moody was indignantly contemptuous and he recoiled from the irrational as an insult to the brain that God had given him. Reasonable people, having dealings with Moody, discovered sometimes to their surprise how much reason he had on his side.

Not that Moody apologised for any sensation that arose when people were converted. "There is more excitement at a horse-race," he would say, "than in all the churches in six months." In the missions of Moody and Sankey there was inevitably an atmosphere of that excitement which always arises when life, spiritual and material, hangs in the balance and things

may go one way or the other. Here was conflict—sometimes victory, occasionally defeat—and innumerable spectators, impelled by all kinds of motives, sincere or frivolous, gathered on the side-lines, contributing to what critics have called religious emotion. When the books are opened and the roll is read, I wonder whether it will be found that the number of converts under Moody who arrived at their decision during the meetings was as great as the number who talked quietly with the evangelist and his friends on some casual occasion, who thought out the business by themselves, often without seeing or hearing Moody in person. All that Moody could do was to raise a question. The people themselves had to answer the question each in his own way. Emotion aroused at Moody's missions may have been, at times, a stimulant. Never was it a narcotic, nor was any faculty of the mind subjected to an anæsthetic.

These are days of parade and pageantry. Everybody puts on some kind of uniform, marches to some kind of tune, is greeted with some kind of salute, raises some kind of flag. Moody believed in witness for Christ. He would say that a person who carries a Bible to church preaches a sermon a mile long, and it so happens that this is a point on which I may be permitted to differ. Over nothing, as it seems to me, was our Lord more explicit than the display of religion—the long prayers in public, the phylacteries bound to the wrist, the broad hem of the garment. What gained respect for "Moody's men" was not the Bible under the arm, but serenity of face, reliability

of character, service to the public, sympathy with the sinful and sorrowing.

Of the Gospel, freely offered by all who had accepted it to all who were entitled to know of it, Moody was never a monopolist. The idea would have outraged his broad and generous mind. He must not be held responsible, however, for the evangelism of a period that lay beyond his knowledge and influence. Around and beyond him swept revivals of every kind, Salvationist, Pentecostal, Premillenarian, for which others than he were responsible. Such revivals did not begin with his birth or his rebirth. They did not end with his death. Sometimes he regretted certain aspects of what here and there was offered as the gift of Christ to men, and one of his reasons for throwing himself into the field of education was the discovery that harm may result from zeal which lacks judgment, knowledge and experience.

In the eighteenth century, Addison the essayist stated that "what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul," and this broadly expresses the thought of Moody as a founder of institutions. Conversion certainly meant to Moody that men and women should belong to God. This had been the significance of his own conversion. But men and women should still be all that after conversion men and women are capable of being. They should grow mentally and physically, as well as spiritually, into the fullness of the stature of Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Son of man.

About the hymns associated with Sankey's name there has been some change of taste, especially in America. People listening over the radio tell us that they prefer the ninth symphony of Beethoven and the fourth symphony of Tchaikovsky. In Moody's day the common people did not always listen to Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. They preferred a bit of the music hall called *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*, and even in the twentieth century the ear is lulled by crooning or tickled by jazz and, by comparison, there is something to be said for a chorus which asks:

"Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod?"

A defence of Sankey's hymns is the alternative.

Certain revivalist hymns now widely sung were written after Moody's death and by others than Sankey and Sankey's associates. One of the most popular of these sacred solos and choruses—musically the most deservedly popular—has been known as the *Glory Song*, in which the refrain starts with the line, "Oh that will be glory for me, glory for me, glory for me," set to a tune that is precisely expressive of mass emotion.

Of these hymns, the *Glory Song* included, Moody and Sankey knew nothing. It was not thus that Moody regarded any step in his religious experience. His constant insistence was that glory should be reserved for Christ alone—that no language should be used which might suggest otherwise.

The New England of the forties, when Moody was a boy, seethed with discussions of man's ultimate destiny. The words, heaven and hell, were on every lip, and people were serious about their significance. One misconception may be laid to rest. It was not Moody the convert kneeling at the foot of the Cross of Christ, the man of the Bible and the preacher of the Gospel that the Bible reveals who talked about "sinners in the hands of an angry God"—who condemned the babe in the cradle to the terrors of eternal punishment, saying, "as innocent as young children seem to be to us, yet if they are not of Christ, they are in God's sight young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers." He who had talked like this was one of the most brilliant graduates of Yale University, the head of his class, a student of Locke's *Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, and a philosopher at the age of ten years, at which age Moody's philosophy was of the potato patch. The contrast between Jonathan Edwards and Dwight L. Moody is the contrast, in terms of love, between a clever man whose Bible is secondary and a simple man whose Bible stands first. Jonathan Edwards, a president of Princeton, rose far above his more challenging utterances. He, like Moody, had a home, a happy home, a wife and twelve children, and it was his education that led him to talk about children as he did.

Against the philosophy of Jonathan Edwards New England revolted. There developed the Universalist Church, with a faith that is expressed by Tennyson in the lines from *In Memoriam*:

“ Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

“ That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

Moody believed that in God's home there is a place for every child. If the child is absent from home, as his brother had been absent, the place, though vacant, is still there. For every prodigal son there is a perpetual invitation to return to the Father. “ I believe,” said Moody, “ that every soul can be saved.” The Gospel was contained in the great text, John 3: 16: “ God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Abounding in pity, Moody would say of those who have lost their self-respect, “ if no one was to be saved until he was worthy, there would be no more souls redeemed.”

Moody was not, however, among the Universalists. After all, there is not a club or society in the world, there is not a country, there is not an industry that tolerates the individual whose will is resolutely a *won't* when it comes to loving one's neighbour as oneself. Nor is it possible to have a kingdom of heaven unless the sovereignty of the king is accepted whose love is the fulfillment of heaven's law.

“ Law,” said Moody, “ slays a man but grace makes

him live," and his preaching revealed a growth in grace. "There was a time," he said, "when I preached that God hated the sinner, and that He was after every poor sinner with a double-edged sword, ready to hew him down. But I have changed my ideas upon this point." "Terror," he had learned, "never saved a man yet," and what had been hell-fire in the mouth of Jonathan Edwards was translated by Moody into a fireside talk. The question was no longer why God sent people to hell. God does not send people to hell. The question is why people insist on going there. "It is a sad thing," said Moody, in his quiet and convincing way, "for a man to say that he wants to be excused from heaven."

The story of the change in the tone of Moody's evangelism has often been told. An Englishman called Henry Moorhouse had seen his infidel father caught between a moving train and the platform. Instantly the man appealed to God for help. In due course, Moorhouse became an evangelist, but Moody, for some reason, did not think much of him as a personality. When Moorhouse invited himself to the United States, Moody, as a host, was barely cordial. It was only after much hesitation that he reluctantly allowed Moorhouse to give a series of addresses on successive evenings. The sequel created a sensation. Seven times Moorhouse took John 3: 16 as his text and night after night Moody sat in rapt attention as he absorbed the exposition. From that day onward, the evangelist abandoned any idea of driving sinners to God.

Moody drew no distinction of any kind, nor did his friends, between conversion in the English-speaking world and the conversion of Hindus and Moslems, of Sikhs and Buddhists, in India, Chinese coolies on the Yangtze-Kiang, cannibals on the South Sea Islands, and the natives who now worship in the churches of Uganda. The problem of life, born and reborn, is the same, whatever be the place of worship—church or chapel, temple, mosque or synagogue. It is the same for women and men. Martha, the orthodox Jewess of Bethany, busy over her housekeeping; the heterodox woman of Samaria, with her five husbands; the pagan woman of Syro-Phœnicia, whose daughter was grievously vexed with a devil, were sisters in the solution of the problem. The very babe that cries in the night is seeking to solve the problem. So is the mother who hears the cry of her babe. On one occasion an infant that had strayed from its mother raised a howl in the audience. Moody held it up in his hands and cried, "A lost child! A lost child!" till the love of the mother solved the problem.

The world, deeply divided by racial, religious and economic antagonisms, is striving after international brotherhood. It was Moody who impressed upon his generation the fundamentals of the human family. Everywhere the need of man is the same—the need of abundant life. Everywhere the rights of man are inalienable—the comprehensive right to live abundantly. The inclusion of all men, however varied might be their birth and background, in one commonwealth of rebirth by the Spirit of God seemed to be at the time

little more than an appeal on behalf of foreign missions. We are able now to realise that the foreign missionary is a tribune of the people, where the people frequently have no other champion. Not only does he preach the Gospel of the heathen. Not only does he show by his example what is or ought to be meant by Christian civilisation. Not only does he teach the children and minister unto the sick. He declares that all men, however ignorant and harshly oppressed, are entitled to be kings and priests in the royal family of a heavenly Father. The rights of native races asserted in mandates issued by the League of Nations are the direct corollary of the principles underlying the conception of fellowship which Moody adopted at his conversion. He learned to respect himself as a child of God, and this meant that, as a divine right, everyone else might claim identically the same respect as a citizen.

VII

HIS CHURCH

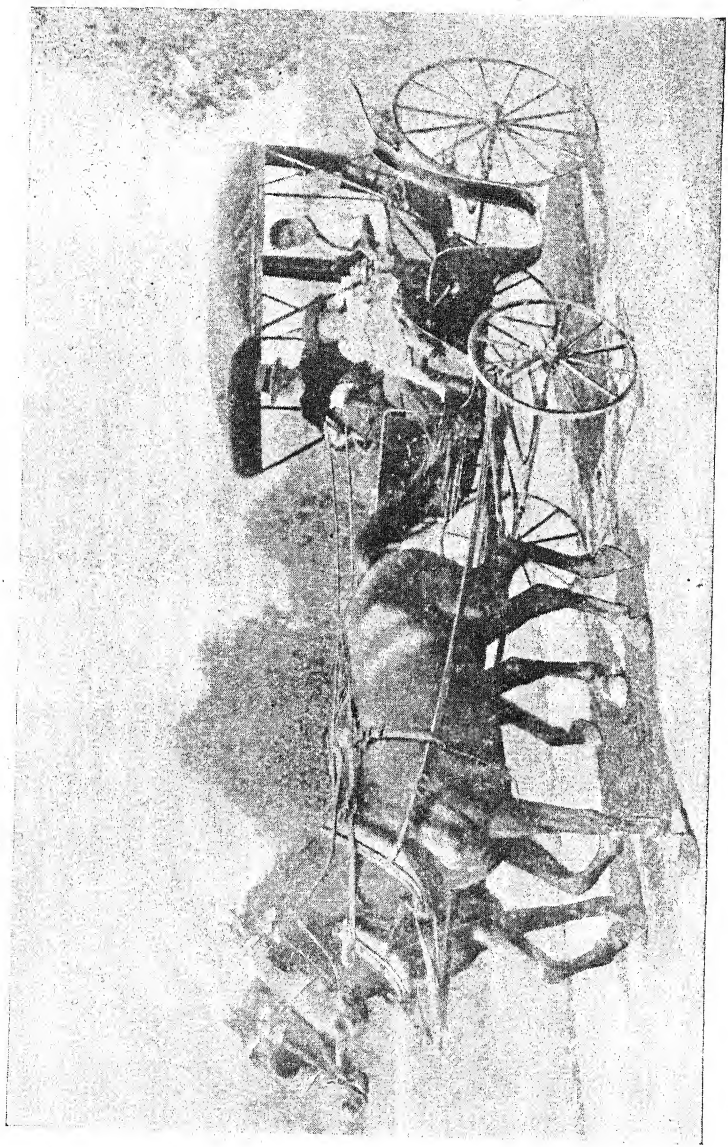
AT Northfield in Massachusetts, there is a large estate which includes buildings and other amenities—the whole of them testifying to the immensity of Moody's influence, even when it is appraised in material, social and educational terms. "A good deal of money," said a friend, "passes through Moody's fingers, but none of it ever sticks," and Moody himself put it thus: "If I have five dollars in my pocket that belongs to someone else and I try to cheat him out of it, can I pray?" There are dormitories for girls that were paid for direct out of the royalties collected in many countries on the sale of Sankey's *Sacred Songs and Solos* and other publications for which Moody was responsible. Northfield is a monument to Moody's financial integrity.

If we examine the buildings we find that they are not all in the same style of architecture. The auditorium is a semicircular edifice, with a gallery like a horseshoe which was designed for listening and might be entirely secular in its purpose. That came first. The chapels of the Girls' Seminary and of Mount Hermon School are ecclesiastical, evidently built for worship. They came later.

The auditorium symbolises those innumerable halls and tents—the highways and hedges of the Gospel—where Moody conducted his missions. It is evangelical—a platform where the love of God is made known to man. The chapels suggest reverence and adoration—the awakened love of man for God. The landscape at Northfield, surveyed as a whole, is thus a panoramic comment on the words of John, “We love him because he first loved us.”

During Moody's lifetime there was a forward movement that everybody was discussing. Broadly, it was known as the Catholic Revival. Most people traced the origin of this revival to what had been described as the Oxford Movement—carefully to be distinguished from the much later and entirely different development known as the Oxford Groups, led by Dr. Frank Buchman. The leader of the Oxford Movement was Newman and his friends were known as Tractarians. Some of them remained in the Anglican Church, while others became Catholics. In art, the movement was expressed by Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites; in literature, by Tennyson, the Rossettis and many another Victorian writer. Throughout the English-speaking world there was a renewed appreciation of what, in terms of truth and beauty, is meant by the past.

This Catholic Revival is expressed visibly in bricks and mortar. At no time since the Reformation has there been seen such building and rebuilding of places of worship. In Washington, Liverpool, and New York, Anglicans are at work upon immense edifices of a mediæval magnificence. Roman Catholics, turning



MR. AND MRS. D. L. MOODY AND GRANDDAUGHTER

their special attention to the English-speaking world, have devoted a generation of effort to a Byzantine basilica at Westminster which is developing the grandeurs of St. Sophia at Constantinople, while in Liverpool they have inaugurated a cathedral that, in dimensions, is to rival St. Peter's itself. The Jews have a synagogue on Fifth Avenue in New York which surpasses any synagogue since the great days of Alexandrian Judaism.

The communions that arose, directly or indirectly, out of the Reformation—Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and even the Society of Friends—are expressing their reverence in churches of gracious dignity. An order of liturgy, organ, choir and vestments, frequently enrich the worship. Anyone attending divine service, let us say, in Riverside Church, New York, will find himself in an abbey designed according to the perspective of French Gothic and radiant with windows that recall the splendours of Chartres. The music includes the noblest of masterpieces in religious music.

This, however, is not the whole story. Science has shown that positive and negative are partners in the electrical field. So has it been in the field of religion. Never in the annals of faith has there raged a more furious indignation against religion than at this moment when the shrines of religion are being built and beautified. Never have so many people held religion in a more embittered contempt. Churches are battered by shells, demolished by pickaxes, deserted by their congregations and, in some cases, put to a secular use.

So with the organisation of churches. There has been persecution of the faithful as pitiless as any cruelty inflicted on the early Christians by the Emperor Diocletian, and far more widespread. What used to be described as Christendom is swept by the scythe that ecclesiastics call apostasy.

Nowhere in secular civilisation do we find a conflict of sentiment that compares with the ferocity of the struggle over religion. When we discuss railway stations, we are of one mind. All that we desire is that they be as large, as dignified and as convenient as possible. So with banks, with factories, with hospitals, with schools and colleges. We do our best to keep them going and regard a sit-down strike as a public calamity. Why is it, then, that people living in the same era, under much the same circumstances, and by the same means of sustenance, take diametrically opposite views of the churches and chapels, synagogues, mosques and temples? Why do some people revere such shrines as essential to civilisation, while others detest them as haunts of outworn superstitions that militate against the progress of the human race? "Here," says a perplexed block of marble, "I find myself anxiously uncertain as to my fate. I was hewn from a resting place in the eternal hills where I had enjoyed millions of years of unoffending tranquillity. I was told by man that my duty henceforth must be to beautify some noble edifice. I carry out this duty, only to be blown to bits by a bomb." As Queen Victoria would have put it, marble has not always lasted.

With bricks and mortar and other externals of religion Moody had no quarrel. On the contrary, he was among the most enthusiastic builders of his day. In Chicago, he was largely instrumental in organising three Y. M. C. A.'s, to say nothing of a church. The great fire of 1871 destroyed his home and left him, as he said, with nothing but the Bible and his reputation. But he was not discouraged in his zest for building. There was the Bible Institute of Chicago still to come. Also there was Northfield.

Surveying the churches, Moody was interested in more than the bricks and mortar. Here as always, he allowed the mind of Christ to be associated with his own mind. When he was shown the Temple in Jerusalem by His disciples, Jesus said, "There shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down," and when St. John the Divine was filled years later with his vision of the City of God, he exclaimed, as if in recollection of Christ's words, "I saw no temple therein." Moody did not ask, therefore, how many bricks, how much mortar had been built into a church. The ecclesiastical architecture that concerned him was a building that would endure earthquakes—a building that consisted of living stones, a society of men and women and children organised as a family, with God as Father and Jesus Christ at the head of every table. This is the church throughout the world against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Most of us think of churches as communities that meet in buildings of a design that we have come to

regard as sacred, where they are served by clergy who wear a special costume regarded as ecclesiastical and enjoy a status endowed with a special authority. It is impossible to appreciate the full meaning of Moody unless we also remember certain smaller and less conspicuous communions, for instance, the Society of Friends and the Plymouth Brethren, which maintain their worship and conduct their affairs without ordaining any ministry, as that term is understood in most other churches. They have depended in the past, and continue largely to depend on the services of laymen, who preach, visit and render assistance usually regarded as parochial or ministerial. Much of this lay ministry is unpaid. Sometimes a man or woman becomes a whole-time worker and has to be supported, either by salary or occasional contributions. But, ecclesiastically, such a whole-time worker continues to belong to the laity. There is no suggestion that he or she has received any added spiritual status or authority.

Moody stood for such a kingship and priesthood of all believers. Nobody should name the name of Christ unless he be entitled to receive the full privileges and accept the full responsibilities which are inherent in love, accepted and reciprocated. Those privileges and responsibilities cannot be delegated, so he believed, by the many to the few. A small professional army, however highly trained and faithful to its duties, cannot win a modern war. The civilian has to play his part, and so with the Church. Clergy are not enough. It is the layman who must fill up the ranks.

Ignatius Loyola and his friends, who gathered within

the little church at Montmartre and inaugurated the Society of Jesus as a militant force within the Roman Catholic Church, were laymen. George Fox, who founded the Society of Friends, was a layman. William Booth was a Methodist minister, but it was after leaving Methodism that he founded the Salvation Army, which is an organisation of the laity. Sir George Williams, who started the Y. M. C. A., was a layman. Robert Raikes of Gloucester, who organised the first Sunday School, was a layman. Baden-Powell, who founded the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, is a layman. Florence Nightingale, with her nurses, was of the laity. In this comradeship of lay service Dwight L. Moody has to be included. Moody as an evangelist was not a low churchman fighting high churchmen. He was not a Protestant fighting Catholics. He was simply a man who insisted that Christ as the Incarnation of love is the Door of the Church and that no church was ever described in the New Testament as the Door to Christ.

Moody did not ignore dogma. "It makes all the difference in the world," he would say, "whether a man believes a truth or a lie," and he would have been saved much trouble if he could have accepted the infallible decisions of a church in reference to belief.

He did not surrender his reason, however weary it sometimes might be, to ecclesiastical authority. He read the Bible, not in parts but as a whole. He set himself to think things out, and he was serious, if simple, in his thinking. With the humility that is a hall-mark of greatness, he was ready to sit at the feet

of teachers whose personalities and influence did not compare with his own. Whatever good men sincerely believed, so he was assured, might have a value for him and, through him, for those thousands to whom it was his obligation and privilege to speak. Many an untried fantasy of zealous groups came under his keen scrutiny.

What saved Moody from the falsehood of extremes was his common sense. It was sense that he received, as he believed, from God and shared with man. Belief was, he considered, all in a day's work. Whatever difficulties there be over belief, the Lord's Gospel, like the king's government, must be carried on. He that doeth the will—so Moody read in his Bible—shall know of the doctrine what he needs to know. That was the rule of wisdom. Where a thousand others wrestled with syllogisms, Moody sought for souls.

The atmosphere of discussion was educative. The reasonable man dealing with people who sometimes were unreasonable, developed in strength of character and sagacity of statesmanship. He was sure that Christ would return in person to this earth. The second coming of Christ was as lively a hope in his mind as it had been in the early Church. But he never permitted his expectation of a glorious appearing to paralyse his preaching of the Gospel that prepares man for Christ's coming. He looked forward to the future. He acted in the present.

"A creed," he said, "is the road or street; very good as far as it goes, but if it does not take us to Christ, it is worthless." When Moody was conduct-

ing his mission in London the clergy asked him whether his creed had ever been put into print. "My creed," he replied, "is in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned everyone to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

There have been two Protestant laymen who in a special sense have deeply moved the mind of the English-speaking peoples. Not for an instant did either of these two men claim a position within the church other than the position held by the laity as a whole. Yet they displayed an insight into the depths of spiritual realities which would have been exceptional even among dignitaries of the highest order of clerical precedence. One of these laymen, Handel, was among the great composers of enduring music. The other, Dwight L. Moody, did not know how to strike a correct note. When they spoke to him about his growling of the hymns, he replied, "I sing as well as I can and Sankey does no better than that."

Handel and Moody preached the same gospel of what they called the grace of the free gift of God. The musician proclaimed his message in the oratorio, *The Messiah*, which, enriched by the orchestration of Mozart, has become part of the accepted liturgy of innumerable choirs the wide world over. The old Crystal Palace near London was never so thronged with people as on the great Day of Atonement in the Handel Festival, if we may borrow the phrase, when an orchestra of 500 pieces and a choir of 5,000 voices rendered the *Hallelujah Chorus* as a grand amen to the

redemption of the world by a Crucified Christ. This was the audience to which, in large measure, the evangelist in his turn preached from the same texts.

The faith of Moody was Fundamentalist. No man ever believed more sincerely than he. But his intimate friends were frequently Modernist, and he stoutly declined to excommunicate them. On one and only one essential, when it came to the test, was he adamant. He would consent to no view that limited the power and prestige of the Redeemer, and for a logical reason. Christ was to Moody the trustee of love. Challenge Christ and you deprive the world of the love without which the world cannot live. It is a love that rescues and to shackle such rescue would be like scuttling a lifeboat when a ship is on the rocks.

Moody believed in miracles. He could not help it, for he was himself a miracle, impossible to explain if the mind of God be omitted from the reckoning. To say that God Who made the universe cannot cleanse the leper would be to talk nonsense. Miracles, as Moody interpreted them, are instances of love in action. They are encouragements which inspire man with a desire to show a similar love to his fellow man. If the blind receive their sight by miracle, if the lame walk, if the deaf hear, then it is our duty to care for the blind, to assist the lame and to do all that is within our power for the deaf. Deny miracles and, once more, love, divine and human, is limited.

Moody did not denounce those whose conception of love as the mind of God was less profound than his own. He did not suppose it possible that they who

neglect such matters could have a full appreciation of what they are neglecting. But he did desire with all his heart that a world lacking the fullness of love should be made aware of available abundance. "A man," said he, "may be a miser with his money, and with his comforts. But he cannot be a miser with his love. Love must have an outlet." The Church of Christ was founded by Jesus in order to be a power house of love in a world where love is a scarcity.

Moody did more than any other man of his generation to draw people into the church. He thought it a good thing to take children to church because they get the habit of going there, and even bring their parents with them. But when a convert asked Moody what church he should join, the only answer he received was a caution. Let him weigh the matter thoroughly before he came to a decision.

I once asked Walter Page, when he was American ambassador in London, where was the place for a journalist to stay in the United States, and he answered, "under your hat." Moody, as a missionary, was his own headquarters. To Moody it did not matter what was a man's church, what the house he lived in, what his wealth or poverty, what his faith or religion, provided that he had surrendered his will to the claim of Christ. Where two or three were gathered together in the name of Christ, there was his church. His was a world-wide catholicity in which Christ in the midst is the only and sufficient bond of communion.

Baptists insisted on confession of faith by adult im-

mersion. Other churches baptised the infant. Quakers did not baptise at all. It made no difference to Moody. The sole question was, "What think ye of Christ?"

Roman Catholics discern three proofs of what they hold to be their own true church. It is *quod semper*, what is ever the same. It is *quod ubique*—what is everywhere, universal throughout the world. It is *quod ab omnibus*—what arose out of the whole Church when the Church was undivided.

Moody did not argue with Catholics over this insistence. But for himself, he made it clear that he was unprepared to concede to any visible church such an exclusive trusteeship for the administration of the love of God. *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*—these attributes must be reserved for an invisible communion, militant on earth, triumphant in heaven, which embraces all who have been brought to know and to share the love of God in Christ. This Church Universal includes all Catholics who are found in Christ. But it does not exclude others whose loyalty to the Redeemer lies outside the Catholic obedience.

The religious world—as people insist on calling that which is neither the world nor religious—has been swept by controversies over beliefs. At the completion of the first millennium of the Christian era, the Church Universal as it had been was split asunder, and since that schism the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Churches have worshipped apart. During the Reformation, Christendom was yet more grievously disintegrated. The terrible conflicts between Catholics and

Protestants were accompanied by prolonged persecution, devastating war, and a calamitous arrest of progress toward the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth for which all followers of Christ are taught to pray. During the later twentieth century, when Moody was active in the Gospel, the groundswell of these historic hurricanes, loaded with wreckage of hopes for the betterment of mankind, was only too evident within the churches. So bitter was the conflict between faith and science that only in Westminster Abbey was it possible for Charles Darwin, apostle of evolution, to rest in peace.

If ever there were a Protestant, it was Moody. His entire appeal was to the private judgment of the individual, and he held the individual responsible, here and hereafter, for the due exercise of that private judgment. According to one Roman Catholic opinion published at Moody's death, he was declared to be what he would never have dreamed of suggesting on his own behalf, the greatest asset within the Protestant world. Yet he seemed to be singularly immune to the least trace of acrimony in his attitude toward his fellow men.

In Moody's day, as in ours, there was much talk about the reunion of the churches. Wherever Moody went, that reunion—for the time being—became a fact. He did not discuss differences between the churches—whether they should be episcopal, presbyterial, or independent; whether they should or should not support an ordained ministry; whether they should celebrate the sacrament and how they should celebrate the sacrament; whether they should baptise infants or adults.

He declared that all churches are one in Christ Jesus. The nearer they draw to Christ as the center of the circle, the nearer they draw to one another.

Moody was the exemplar of those who have no time to spend on the question whether this church or that church is the true church. He did not try to settle differences between nations, churches, classes in society. On concordats and compromises he expressed none save the most casual opinions. It was his business in life to pour forth love into individuals and through individuals into the community. A love transfusion was the remedy for disruptions due to spiritual anæmia.

The question that interested Moody was not whether a person accepted a certain system of theology, submitted to certain ecclesiastical claims, observed certain ceremonial rites and discipline. The sole question was whether there was a gift of life to be shared with that person. "I believe," he said, "there is not a man or woman, I don't care how rich or poor they may be, who does not need, at some hour in their lives, a little human sympathy, a little ministration of love, or helpful words from somebody else." Coming to Christ was what he meant by conversion, not moving from one church into another church. Such conversion, he held, was a definite addition, whenever it happened, to the spiritual assets of an individual and the community. There was more of God in man than there had been before the conversion took place.

What Moody thought about externals of every kind was like all his thought, strong and simple. Externals are outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual

significance. The only controversy that Moody had with any organisation, sacred or secular, was when he considered it to be deficient as an expression of God's love. Much more important than the relations between churches is the relation between each church—between each member of a church—and God. To establish a uniformity of ritual and belief that represents a compromise between high mass in St. Peter's at Rome and a sermon by Spurgeon in London's Metropolitan Tabernacle—well, the idea did not appeal to Moody. Let Christ be honoured by both of the very different congregations, even if it be in a very different manner. When the Roman Catholics decided to build a church at Northfield, did Moody object? On the contrary. To the horror of some of his supporters, he sent the Catholics a handsome subscription, and when it came to be the turn of Congregationalists to build a church, the Roman Catholics laid the foundations. "If," said Moody, "we are going to reach men, we must make them believe we are their brethren." "Love begets love; a smile begets a smile. You have got to win souls, not drive them away." When a bishop asked him to bring Catholics to Christ by joining the Roman Catholic Church, his answer, though negative, was placid. "I should lose the Protestants," said he, and after listening to a heated argument over some religious difference, he said quietly, "The world is in great need of peacemakers."

The world in which Moody found himself was a world where organised religion was still taken for granted. There were churches and chapels for Chris-

tians, synagogues for Jews, temples for Hindus, Buddhists, Shintoists in Japan, and Confucians in China. The Moslems had their mosques. East and west the ancient and traditional landscape was substantially unchanged, and within that landscape Queen Victoria was the outstanding landmark.

As a layman, Moody was considered at times to be something of a rebel. Preaching anywhere and everywhere, he fell foul—as did Wesley—of the parochial system. “I once asked a minister to pronounce the benediction,” he remarked, “and he said he wasn’t in his own parish, and he couldn’t do it. I felt sorry for him.” When Moody was in London, Queen Victoria was told about him and betrayed a touch of uneasiness. A lady of the Court, the Countess of Gainsborough, suggested to her Majesty that she might be graciously inclined to attend a meeting addressed by “Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists.” The Queen’s reply, with its italicised pronoun, was characteristic. “It would never do for *me*,” she said, “to go to a public place to hear them, or anything of that sort.” She added:

“But independently of that, though I am sure they are very good and sincere people, it is not the *sort* of religious performance which I like. This sensational style of excitement like the Revivals is not the religion which *can last*, and is not, I think, wholesome for the mind or heart, though there may be instances where it does good.

“Eloquent, simple preaching, with plain, prac-

tical teaching, seems to me far more likely to do *real* and *permanent* good, and this can surely be heard in all Protestant Churches, whether in the Established Church or amongst Dissenters, *if* the ministers are thoroughly earnest."

The Queen's misgiving with regard to Moody and Sankey indicated her mentality. Seated within the solidities of Windsor Castle, it did not seem probable to a monarch that the results of evangelism, free as the wind that bloweth where it listeth, would "last." We can now see things in a broader perspective than any available for Victoria's vision.

The years that have elapsed since Moody's death have demonstrated that bricks and mortar are no guarantee of permanence, whether of monarchy or of religion. Europe is strewn with palaces empty of all save fading memories, where emperors and kings and grand dukes once reigned in majesty over obedient peoples but have not lasted. So has it been with what, in prosaic manner, we call places of worship. Scores of abbeys and monasteries have been preserved, but only as picturesque ruins. Temples and mosques left to decay by those who worshipped therein are rescued from oblivion by the archæologist. Somewhere or other Gladstone said that the only sure defence of a country was to be found in the breasts of free men within the country. The only sure defence of the Church, so Moody believed, lies in the breasts of free people, saved by grace and gathered around the Cross of Christ.

VIII

THE ISSUE

I HAVE said what I set out to say about Moody—said it in the rambling and conversational manner which, from the first, was all that I could attempt to adopt as a vehicle of comment. Perhaps I may add a few sentences as they occur to me which may bring the matter to a conclusion.

The verdict of contemporaries on Moody was instinctively unanimous. His generation knew him to be a great man. About that there is no longer a question in any reasonable mind. His greatness is not the issue that he bequeathed to the future.

According to Shakespeare, "some are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." In what sense and with what reservations, we may ask, were these words applicable to Moody?

Some are born great. According to those who saw much of Moody, he was unmistakably within that company. On one occasion he confessed to a banker in New York that there was something he could not understand. "Your secretaries," he said, "shut out all kinds of people who want to see you, but I am admitted at once." Replied the banker, "You are one

of us." In his early twenties he seemed to be on the highroad to outstanding financial success, and when he had to make the choice between business and evangelism, it was executive ability of the highest order that he dedicated to the public welfare. All that we have here to remark is that greatness was not only born in Moody, but also reborn. By right of ability he was one with the millionaires. By right of conversion he became one with the missionaries.

Some achieve greatness. Moody's prayers at any odd time of every day, his steady reading of the Bible, indicate that he did all he could to develop the virtue of perseverance. But if he grew in grace—this was the phrase that he used—it was with but one aim in view. Let a better than himself be "magnified" in him.

No one could insinuate that success, as it was regarded, spoilt Moody. His strong personal characteristics were not emphasised by the self-education which he imposed on himself. They were harmonised. He became an easier not a more difficult man to deal with, a broader not a narrower man, a stronger not a weaker man. He ended by being bigger than anybody, in earlier years, had imagined to be possible.

Some have greatness thrust upon them. In the usual sense of the word, Moody was free of all taint of ambition. What drove him into the forefront of his period was an imperative sense of obligation. Christ had commanded him to make known the Gospel and he must obey the command. Freely he had received, freely he must give.

The plea of a Sunday-School teacher led to his conversion. As a boy among boys he wished, therefore, himself to teach in a Sunday School. In Chicago the young who had been neglected by society and were running wild in the streets gathered around Moody, who thus anticipated by many years the organisation of boys' clubs. He built a mission church where the young could feel at home.

It was not as an evangelist that he made his earliest trip to England, but as a student of evangelism. Before he uttered a word himself, he listened to all that others had to say. When later he crossed the ocean with Sankey, there was no flourish of trumpets. Indeed, there were unexpected embarrassments. While the evangelists were on the high seas, two friends who had guaranteed the finances of the little expedition died. The evangelists started their crusade in a back room, where they talked to a score or two of people. It looked like failure.

The numbers were insignificant. But lives were enriched and transformed. The fire was kindled, and within a few months the names of Moody and Sankey were household words. It was in such fashion that greatness was thrust upon Moody, and he attributed the entire affair to the working of a higher power than his own. There was the Love of God. There was the need of man. He was merely among the intermediaries.

As a boy, facing the decision that he did face, Moody pleaded no alibis. He did not complain of life. He wanted to know how to live it. He did not protest

against an exacting environment. He accepted it as his battlefield. He indulged in no cheap gossip about the failure of religion or of politics. Whatever wrongs should be righted, whether in church or state, he would begin with the wrong in himself.

Having faced his own situation without flinching, he sought to bring others to a like decision. It was a task that would have tested any man's resources, but Moody did not waver. He would stand no nonsense, whether it be clad in raiment sacred or secular. He surveyed one of his great meetings in East London and noted the familiar faces in the audience. Then he said: "It's time for Christians to stop coming here and crowding into the best seats. It's time for them to go out among the sinners and the drunkards and give *them* the best seats." At Northfield, on one occasion, he gazed upon a solid phalanx of faithful disciples who had, as usual, occupied the front seats in the auditorium, and calmly announced that he would conduct the meeting from the steps of the outside doors, where the crowds had been shut out by the elect who had entered early.

One day a man rose and testified that he had been five years on the Mount of Transfiguration. Moody shot forth the question:

"How many souls did you lead to Christ last year?"

"Well, I don't know," was the astonished reply.

"Have you saved any?" persisted Moody.

"I don't know that I have," answered the man with a depressed air.

"Well," said Moody, "we don't want that kind of

a mountain-top experience. When a man gets up so high that he cannot reach down and save poor sinners, there is something wrong."

Moody had no "sympathy with lazy Christians," and believed that "laziness belongs to the old creation not the new."

There is a realm of knowledge into which no editor of an encyclopædia enters without a sense of obligation to the public. Any statement concerning a disease, its symptoms and the treatment that should be applied, is not merely a detail of academic or popular interest. It is a matter of life and death. To mislead a person as to his health may be to subject him to mortal suffering.

In his evangelism Moody was a realist. He was out for business and determined that the business should be transacted. Under the acid test people winced. "The first thing," said Moody with his usual grim humour, "that Adam did after he sinned, was to make an excuse," and during the mammoth missions evasion became an epidemic. "It is very hard to make people think you are after them," he would say. "They always think that you are after somebody else." Again: "I heard of a man who said he liked to go to a certain church because the minister never touched on religion or politics." On one occasion he told a story of a Negro before emancipation who preached with much power. His master heard of it and sent for him.

"Sambo," he said, "I am told that you are preaching to the Negroes with a great deal of power."

"Yes, Massa, the Lord helps me right smart sometimes."

"Now, I want you to take time enough to prepare a good sermon, and preach against stealing, because there's a great deal of that going on around the plantation. Study up and preach a powerful sermon against stealing."

Sambo's countenance fell at once. His master said:

"What's the matter? What makes you look so downcast about it?"

"Well, Massa," Sambo replied, "I don't like to preach on that subject, 'cause it always throws a kind of coldness over the meeting."

People did not mind looking at wonderful pictures of the Crucifixion. They paid high prices for such pictures. But only as art. They did not mind listening to Passion music. But only as music. To be told that Christ was wounded for *their* transgressions, that He was bruised for *their* iniquities, that the chastisement of *their* peace was upon Him, was intolerable to pride of mind and heart. Such people gave Moody no thanks and he asked for none. Even those who knew that they had reason to be grateful to a candid friend—and they were scores of thousands—discovered that Moody was one to whom flattery of any kind was resisted as a snare and a delusion. After addressing thousands, he sought no compliments, and if they were thrust upon him, declined to listen.

Moody as an evangelist did not mince matters. In his plain speaking there may have been little of originality. His aim was not to say something that

others would consider to be new, but something that, to his own conscience, was obviously true. For instance: "When a man leads a moral life he has no trouble with the Bible; but if he is immoral, it condemns his sins and he begins to talk against it." It was straight from the shoulder.

Moody was a man who said much of "faith." He put "faith" to the test. He came to know what "faith" means as a factor in life. "No man," he tells us, "can win the victory without supernatural power."

A minor prophet whose name, Habakkuk, can hardly be spelt by most people in these busy days, uttered what seemed to be a casual aphorism. "The just," said he, "shall live by faith." This fragment of a text has speeded over the centuries like a projectile that strikes this or that, but bounces on its resistless way. Three times is the saying quoted in the New Testament, and twice by Paul. He told the Romans as townsfolk that the just shall live by faith. He told the Galatians in their countryside in Asia Minor that they also, if they would be just, should live by faith. On the careers of St. Augustine, of Luther, of Wesley, the saying of Habakkuk impinged with no less astonishing effect.

A just man is a man who is adjusted. Whatever in him is out of line with what he was meant to be, has been brought into alignment. Justice is such adjustment in the abstract, and the enforcement of justice is the compulsory adjustment of the individual, even by imprisonment or execution, to some kind of pos-

sible agreement, however reluctant, with the community. At his conversion Moody was adjusted to the mind of God and to his true relation with his fellow men.

The contact between the adjusted man and others—God and the neighbour—is faith. Without such contact life is impossible, even on a desert island, except as somnolence or insanity. “I don’t believe any man or woman amounts to much,” said Moody, “who has not faith in somebody or something.” About faith, as Moody understood the term, there was no mystery—“faith in Christ” was “the same kind of faith that men have in one another.” Whether in finance, religion or the home, faith is thus a simple word for the normal and wholesome relations between one life and other lives. Said Moody: “The more you know of a true man, the more confidence you will have in him. The more you know of an untrue man, the less faith you have in him.”

Many people talk about faith in a system. The world is swept by what we call ideologies.

Moody wanted the best world he could get. He wanted the most helpful and truthful religion. He wanted the strongest race. That was why he believed in democratic institutions, which allow the best to combat whatever is less than the best. That was why he preferred Christendom, however full of faults and follies, to other civilisations, Confucian, Hindu or Moslem, despite their values. That was why he was a convinced advocate of foreign missions, evangelical, educational and medical. That was why he selected

the Connecticut valley for the schools which he founded in preference to some crowded urban area—a decision that associated him with the movement to promote town planning and garden cities.

But if the world had been transformed by a stroke of some dictator's pen into a social and economic Utopia, it would not have been enough for Dwight L. Moody. Let the Fascist imagine a perfected Fascism. Let the Communist dream of a perfected Commune. Let Quebec develop a perfected Theocracy. Let Holland and Sweden work out a perfected Commonwealth. Let there be a New Deal that provides for everybody what everybody needs. Even so, the individual within Utopia would still be a problem. The system surrounds and supports him. But, so surrounded and so supported, to whom does he belong?

Moody began where Christ began. He started with soul, and argued that if the soul was safe, the system would take care of itself. First, he considered individuals. Secondly, he looked forward to the Kingdom.

The world is learning by experience that, in thus following Christ, Moody was, as we say, on the right track. Fascists are the raw material of Fascism, Communists of Communism. There can be no France without the French, no Germany without Germans, and no Christianity without Christians, no Christians without Christ. A system depends upon those who work the system, and working the system depends on leadership. The Nazis subliminate Hitler. The Communists deify Lenin. The Fascists dramatise Mussolini.

It was not in Christianity as a religion that Moody put his faith. It was in Christ as the Son of God Who is love. To Moody this love of God in Christ was not one interesting idea among all the other interesting ideas that come into our heads. It was the idea—what St. John called “the Word”—that includes and, as it were, arranges all other ideas. “If there is anything at all in the religion of Christ,” he said, “give everything for it.” He made fun of people who worked out their salvation when they hadn’t got any—who called themselves backsliders when they had “never slid forward.” Frequently he would talk about a person being “O and O.” The abbreviation meant “out and out.”

We say of someone that he is a man of decision. In Moody decision was genius. It was without one hint of hesitation that, at his conversion, he let himself go in order to win Christ. Führer, Duce, Comrade—all of these terms would have meant for Moody the one Person on whom he staked his entire being. For so young a man it was a big bet. No one can say that he lost the bet.

I do not suppose that Moody was a great authority on Confucius and Buddha and Mohammed. I question that he ever heard of Lenin, of Gandhi, Sun-Yat-Sen, who were, in later years, to arouse the enthusiasm of countless millions. Had he been living in these times, he would have recognised the importance of these supermen. But no man, no woman was ever permitted by Moody to share the preëminence of the one Man in Whom he had complete faith. “I’d rather

have faith in Christ," he said, "than own all the banks in the world."

"It makes all the difference in the world," explained Moody, "what men follow Christ for. If a man follows Christ for what he can get, he will be disappointed; but if he follows Christ for what He is, he never will be disappointed." It was the person of Christ—His actual being—that Moody sought to absorb into his own being. The Roman Catholic discerns the Real Presence in the elements of the Lord's Supper and indicates that Presence in churches by a red lamp burning before the altar. Moody's Mass Book was the Bible. Morning by morning he opened the book and worshipped. "Thy word," he said, "is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." He carried the lantern.

"It is a hard thing to serve the public," he would confess, "but it is a glorious thing to serve Christ," and he would exclaim, "Let us abolish this word duty and feel that it is only a privilege to work for God."

A friend replied to him:

"Now, Moody, you are all wrong. If you take the word duty out of its connection with our work, you will soon have all the churches and Sunday Schools empty."

"Well," said he, "I will try to convince you that I am right. You are married?"

"Yes."

"Well, suppose this was your wife's birthday, and you bought a book for a present to her, and you went home and said, 'Now, wife, this is your birthday; I

thought it was my duty to buy something for you—so here's a book; take it.' Would not your wife be justified in refusing it?"

In Moody we see exactly what Paul intended to convey to our minds when he said that the joy of the Lord is strength. The joy of husband in wife and of wife in husband is the strength of both and of the home that they build around them. There can be no art worth achieving without joy in art, no life worth living without joy in life, and Moody was among those in whom all joys were embraced, as it were, in the ultimate glory of Love perfected by service and suffering. That is what he meant when he drew a distinction between the natural and supernatural forces that assist man in his efforts to be what he was intended to be.

The world has a sense of material values. At any given moment we know exactly what it will cost to buy a bushel of wheat or a particular kind of typewriter. As long as man was a slave, bought and sold in the market, he also had some kind of a monetary value. His wages today are a rough and ready measure by which his industrial value can be appraised.

When, however, it comes to appraising man in terms of the life that he actually lives, values become wildly speculative. We educate man. We build hospitals, and other institutions, where he receives the most skilled attention and unremitting care. For years we are most careful to keep convicts alive, if only in prison, and the insane, if only in asylums.

Yet, by a stroke of the pen, millions of these human

invaluables, as we have regarded them—including the youngest, the strongest and best—are consigned to a sudden, violent and frequently horrible, death, this for no reason that a schoolboy will care to know in years to come, unless it be for the perpetuation of some self-centered and human omnipotence. "You need not go to China to find men worshipping idols," said Moody. "How many there are everywhere who bow down to the idols—Business, Pleasure, Children, Wealth, Dress," and if he were living today, we would hear him saying, "You need not go to Ammon and Moab in order to find men passing their children through the fire to Moloch."

The standard by which Moody valued himself and his fellow men was Christ Himself. For each human being on this planet Christ died on the Cross, so giving His life a ransom for many. That was why Paul said, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." No man so redeemed could say any longer that he belonged to himself. No man so redeemed could be said rightly to belong to any other ultimate master save the Son of Man Himself.

The claim of the Love of God on the individual has moulded history. The Roman Empire was based upon the institution of slavery. Eastern society has been based upon the subjection of women. The Gospel of Christ has compelled civilisation to emancipate the slave and to establish equality of right between the sexes. In the presence of Moody it was unthinkable that the individual should be subordinated to the pressure or the dictates of environment. Man has

direct and unimpeded access to what Moody called the throne of grace—that is, the supreme Authority over the universe assuring His children of His constant care.

Moody and all who belonged to his ministry of the Gospel were thus champions of personal rights—tribunes of the people. To tyrants everywhere they said, in effect, "You cannot touch a fellow man, without touching that for which Christ died. Because of what happened at Calvary no man is yours to do with him what you like."

Communism, Fascism and Nazidom started as youth movements in a disturbed society where leadership was lacking. During the later nineteenth century, youth had begun to be a problem. In London, a man after Moody's own heart, called Dr. Barnardo, suddenly awoke to the fact that "street Arabs," as they were called, grew up without home or friends into anti-social aliens within the organised community. Dr. Barnardo started the homes for children which are associated with his name.

In Chicago, Moody found that there was also a race of street Arabs. The names of boys whom he befriended are characteristic of their circumstances. They include: Red Eye, Smikes, Madden the Butcher, Jackey Candles, Giberick, Billy Blucannon, Darby the Cobbler, Butcher Lilray, Greenhorn, Indian, Black Stove Pipe, Old Man, and Rag-Breeches Cadet.

Moody was at the time little more than a great big boy himself. They called him "crazy Moody." But there was method and there was mercy in his mad-

ness. He understood the rascals who thronged around him. Despite his solemn costume, they understood him, and it was not long before he had groomed them into something that could be recognised as sympathy.

The drill imposed upon youth by governments in certain countries was not necessary. Moody achieved order without sacrificing freedom. By tactful persuasion and self-sacrificing sympathy the lads were brought within the pale of respectability and opportunity as law-abiding citizens. The Gospel of Christ applied to a social problem proved to be effective.

The mission in Chicago came first, the schools at Northfield followed. Between the mission and schools, there was a contrast but no conflict. One enterprise was the logical corollary of the other. In Chicago, Moody laboured over the disastrous results of child life neglected. At Northfield, he sought to do what he could to put an end to this neglect of child life. The younger man gained experience. The older man used the experience thus acquired. He could not have been an educator had he not been an evangelist.

Moody took no part in politics, domestic or international. But his whole career implied an assertion of the right by a minority to turn itself into a majority by peaceful persuasion of public opinion. The gospel preached by Moody is thus under a censorship. In many countries his missions would be unthinkable. This man who proclaimed that God loved the world, would find himself in prison or a concentration camp or would disappear forever into darkness.

It would have come as no surprise to Moody. At

the outset his genius for decision was personal. It developed into the prophetic. He looked forward to the time when there would be "two classes in this world"—not rich and poor—not east and west—not Jew and Gentile—not Hindu and Moslem—but "those who take their stand for Christ and those who take their stand against Him." Time is showing what he may have had in mind. Here is not a struggle between church and state as such. It is a struggle between the love of God and whatever in church and state is less than or opposed to or restrictive of that love. If the world is rent in twain, it is because there are those who interpret civilisation in terms of love applied to all the affairs of life striving with those who eliminate love from their calculations.

In the mind of Moody, as in the mind of Christ, there was "neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." The barriers of race were broken down—*no Greek, no Jew*. The barriers of religion were broken down—*no circumcision, no uncircumcision*. The barriers of language and culture were broken down—the barbarian and Scythian were as welcome as the most sophisticated don at Oxford or Cambridge. Industrial barriers were broken down; there were no bond, no free; or, as we should say, no labour and no capital. A larger and deeper love of God for man, of man for God, of man for his fellow man, ameliorated differences, controversies, acrimonies. A divided world was summoned to reconciliation in Christ, Who is all and in all.

A man may have a very valuable watch that needs mending. Unless it be mended, however intricate and perfect the works, it won't go. Over the individual, despite his value, Moody entertained no illusions. "The longer I live and mingle with people," said he, "the more I doubt that they are naturally good." It was not alone an evangelist's conclusion. It was not a conclusion arrived at only in the library or preached only from the pulpit or declared to kneeling worshippers by a priest before the altar. The conclusion was based upon daily and secular experience.

Dramatists worked in a field that Moody resolutely declined to enter. But they arrived at Moody's verdict on the individual. In the plays of Ibsen and Oscar Wilde and Pinero—to be followed by George Bernard Shaw—satire and cynicism and scorn were poured upon the sins and shams, not only of those who claimed to be pillars of society, but also of the ordinary and respectable inhabitants of Main Street. Look through the casts of their plays, glance at the characters, and you will say of them, whatever their humour, their charm, their sincerities and insincerities, there is none righteous, no not one, which was precisely what Paul wrote in the epistles that Moody quoted.

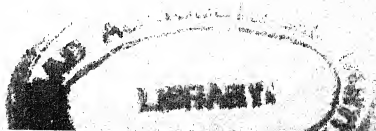
We hope that nowadays things are better. There is a fuller and more reasonable education of the individual. Much more attention is paid to his health. Slum clearances have ameliorated conditions in many cities. Churches have accepted their social responsibilities and thrown open doors which, to Moody as a boy, were so nearly closed. These endeavours to

obey the laws of decency and friendship have not been in vain. Not one of us wishes seriously to return to the situation which was tolerated fifty years ago.

A hymn sung by Moody declares that "none but Christ can satisfy." They who heard him gladly accepted the statement. It is for those who live in a world that is said to be improved to consider in what respect, if any, the statement should be revised. Many novelists, writing of life's satisfactions, are uncompromisingly pessimistic. The more fortunate homes are situated in ideal surroundings. Yet these seem to be the very homes that are especially liable to break up from within. Personal indulgences disintegrate character, and there is a restless yearning that seeks relief in widespread gambling, sensation and other stimulants or narcotics. There are crimes against the law which originate frequently among the immature. There is a tendency to end it all by suicide.

Whatever may be the greater happiness of the greatest number, it is obvious that systems do not prevent personal troubles. On the contrary, personal troubles threaten systems. Industry has sometimes to wrestle with the stranglehold of the racketeer. Trade unions are not wholly free from financial irregularity. A technical term in stock exchanges is "sucker"—the raw material of financial exploitation. In public administration there is apt to be graft, either flagrant or what is called "honest graft," and civilisation is affected.

On the one hand, citizens in certain countries have received the vote, only to discover that the exercise of



the vote charters the political libertine whose real aim is not the public interest but his own private profit. The birthright of freedom is thus bartered away in disgust for whatever mess of explosive pottage may be offered by the totalitarian state. On the other hand, the relations between countries are exacerbated by provocative armaments which undoubtedly are due in no small measure to that love of money on the part of the individual which, according to Paul, is "the root of all evil." In a world where free institutions are in difficulties and peace cannot be maintained it is audacious to say that the individual is a complete success. A good many watches still need mending.

The evangelist did not dramatise the peccadilloes of the individual as a comedy for the stage. He left that to others and dealt directly with the persons involved in the problem. He did not deny that these persons had received great benefits and had greatly profited thereby. That fact was part of his case. The essential question was what the beneficiaries of civilisation were handing back to the God Who had thus showered blessings on them. A good man, even in a bad world, may know what it is to enjoy heaven upon earth, while a bad man, even in a good world, may suffer the pains of hell.

We hear a good deal about the haves and the have nots. People are full of wants. Moody sought to awaken gratitude. He did not ask merely whether the world was worthy of man. His question was whether man is worthy of the world. Is he equipped to play his part in the world's maintenance and progress? Is he

able and willing to make the world what the world might be?

What reconciled the multitudes to Moody's home thrusts was the confidence that he evoked. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and people knew that Moody hurt only in order to heal. He believed that healing is possible. "It is not a new gospel that we want," he said, "it is the old Gospel with new power."

Moody seemed, at times, to live in the people around him. Their thoughts seeped into his subconscious mind, and, without knowing it, he aimed his projectiles at random, often with startling results. A husband attended a meeting and afterwards was curiously estranged for a time from his wife. She couldn't understand it. In due course, he said:

"What made you tell Mr. Moody all about me?"

"Why," said she, "I never spoke to Mr. Moody in my life."

"Then you have written to him about me."

"No, I have never written to him, and he didn't know you were there."

"Well," he said, "I never saw him before in my life; but the wretch held me up before that audience for a whole hour, and told them all about me."

There were results. One day, in Boston, Moody was accosted by a prosperous man in middle life. "Mr. Moody," he said, "you do not know who I am, but I feel that I must speak to you, as I leave for California tonight, and we shall probably never meet again. Twenty-five years ago you were speaking in London, and I and two other young fellows wandered

in to hear you. When we came out of the hall we shook hands and said quietly to one another: 'From this night we begin a new life.' One of the three died in Egypt at the head of his regiment. The second is a missionary in Africa, and I am the third." That is but one of many testimonies.

The missions of Moody were an immense service rendered to society. He appealed to the citizen to be worthy of his citizenship. Wherever a person had lost the freedom of self-control, Moody offered emancipation. "Suppose," he said, "a man has an appetite for opium, or for strong drink, or for anything that is injurious, and it has gained the mastery over his will. I can assert that no slave ever had a harder master than that man."

A Fascist thus set free from entangling indulgences found what was better worth while than Fascism. A Communist found what liberated him from Communism. So with a Jew, with a Moslem, with a Hindu, with Chinese and Japanese. So had it been in the Roman Empire, when the most effective soldiers were frequently the Christian soldiers.

The difficulty in totalitarian states, including the Roman Empire, is the claim of Cæsar over those whom Christ had saved. That claim was resisted by the early Christians, and it is resisted today. It was resisted by Moody. He would have agreed with Fascists and Communists that no man belongs to himself. But he held that this was because by right all men belong to Christ.

I have described Moody as an ambassador of God

to man. That, I repeat, was his diplomatic status, and an embassy in a foreign country is inviolable. Moody never forgot his position in a society until it was won, as he had been won, for Christ. He was dwelling within a foreign realm, and during his lifetime he received no honours of any kind from any secular or ecclesiastical source. Nobody dreamed of addressing him as doctor or by any other title than plain Mr. Moody. He argued, as Quakers argue, that it is to Jesus of Nazareth alone that honour should be paid.

When Moody was in London some question arose as to his heart and he was asked to consult an eminent specialist. The physician asked Moody as to his activities, and Moody replied:

"Oh, I usually preach three times a day."

"How many days in the week?"

"Five days in the week, and on Sundays four or five times."

"You're a fool, sir; you're a fool!" was the brusque response. "You're killing yourself."

"Well, Doctor," said Moody, "I take Saturday to rest. But may I ask you how many hours a day *you* work?"

"Oh, I work sixteen or seventeen."

"How many days a week?"

"Every day, sir; every day."

"Then, Doctor, I think you're a bigger fool than I am, and you'll kill yourself first."

The doctor died a year after. The evangelist lived for another seven years. Even so, Moody was only

in his early sixties when—to use his own phrase—he entered into glory.

During an earlier period of great activity, Moody had been oppressed by the premonition that some crank wished to assassinate him. His nerves were badly shaken. He would steal away from a meeting unobserved and carefully lock his doors and windows. He drew the line, however, at employing detectives. After a week of this anxiety, a man was arrested who had been persistently trailing Moody. He carried a knife.

The uncertainty of a hidden danger was what disturbed Moody, not the danger itself. "There are three things," said he, "which every man should be ready for in this world: ready for life, ready for death, and ready for judgment." On one of his trips across the Atlantic, the ship was shaken by a crash. The engine shaft had broken, there was serious leakage and every preparation was made for an attempt to save the crew and passengers in the event of the ship sinking. There was no radio in those days, and during a night of suspense, rockets were discharged into the sky—without help coming.

As a second night of uncertainty drew on, Moody asked permission to hold a service. It was readily granted. He read Psalm 91, with the text, "*He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.*" Also, he read from Psalm 107 the passage about those *that go down to the sea in ships, that do business on great waters*, and a lady insisted that the words must have been written for the occasion. She

was convinced of her mistake only when Moody showed her the text in the Bible.

There is an impression that in later years Moody surrendered to a tendency to abandon his evangelism. The fact is that he died in harness. His last mission was conducted in the Convention Hall of Kansas City. For a fortnight he suffered pain in the chest and a mustard plaster, prescribed by a doctor, gave him momentary relief. He was able to deliver another six addresses but had to be driven to the hall in a carriage.

At last he was persuaded to return home. Between St. Louis and Detroit the train was delayed by the burning out of the fire grate in the locomotive, and it was feared that connections would be missed. The new engineer, hearing that Moody was on board and sick, sent a message to his passenger—"Tell him I was converted fifteen years ago and owe everything to him." The train was driven through the night at an average of sixty miles an hour, including stops, and the connection was made.

It was with complete serenity that the stricken evangelist faced the ultimate test when thus suddenly it came. "I want to tell you a secret," he had said: "There are two classes of old people: some that are getting cross and crabbed in their old age, and some that are growing sunny and bright." If any man died happy, it was Dwight L. Moody, and his was a funeral without mourning.

His body was entombed in no church or cemetery. Alone, save for the wife at his side, he lies within an

eminence at Northfield known as Round Top, the landscape around him on every side and no boundary to the vision save the eternal hills. In death as in life, Moody is a man of the universals.

They whispered that his departure would be the end of his influence and his activities. He denied it. Neither his influence nor his work depended, so he believed, on himself and his presence among men. God's influence and God's work would be maintained by the same power on which Moody had relied.

The faith of Moody in the future of all that he had been associated with has been justified. On the slopes near his grave pilgrims of every persuasion gather year by year, sing the hymns that he tried to sing, and discuss the program that he preached. More people visit Northfield than ever came to the place during Moody's lifetime, and around the schools that he founded there has gathered a great company of 27,000 graduates, many of them occupying positions of strategic responsibility in commerce, the churches, the professions, and many of them sharing with Moody the satisfaction of a life on earth well completed.

The Moody Bible Institute in Chicago is aflame with loyalty to the evangelical expression of the Gospel of Christ and in Great Britain the centenary of Moody's birth in 1837 was observed with a spontaneous fervour which would have astonished Moody himself.

If the comrades of Moody refused to be discouraged by his death, it was because they were convinced that he died only to live again. Throughout all lands they

were scattered abroad, bearing the gift of Christ over land and sea. One of them, Dr. Arthur T. Pierson, uttered the watchword, "The evangelisation of the world in this generation," and at Edinburgh, in 1910, there was held a conference fairly to be described as historic in the annals of foreign missions. Hundreds of young men and women, many of them students, dedicated their lives to the service of mankind and in obedience to the command of Christ went forth to the ends of the earth to preach the Gospel.

In that generation the world refused to be evangelised. The crusade, though constructive in its far-reaching results, failed of the final objective, and we are able to measure the extent of the international disaster. It was easy to reject evangelisation. But we now witness the alternative. Militarisation of the world in this generation is all but complete.

Many years ago, an English journalist, W. T. Stead—he went down with the *Titanic*—wrote a book called *If Christ Came to Chicago*, which created a great sensation. Another volume, *In His Steps*, by Charles M. Sheldon, an American minister, was a best seller and is still widely read. It would be interesting to speculate about Moody's feelings if he were to find himself in the world of this post-war period. How would he adapt himself to the radio, the newsreel, aviation, automobiles and the other amenities that have been developed since his day? What would be his attitude toward new standards of behaviour, of belief, of religious observance?

When Armenians were massacred by the tens of

thousands, there arose a cry of horror, especially in lands where English is spoken. "Oh for an hour of Gladstone!"—that was the peroration on many a platform—Gladstone the champion of oppressed peoples wherever peoples were oppressed. Some may be inclined to think that, here and now, an hour of Moody would do the world no harm.

I say quite frankly that I am not in the least worried, nor is my faith upset because there are two sharply divergent expressions of Moody's continuing influence. Suppose that some do find their worship in Jerusalem and others in Samaria. It means only that God fulfills Himself in many ways. I may recall an incident that touched the heart during the miseries of the World War. On a highroad of advance and retreat rose a shrine within which was a crucifix. Beneath it lay a Russian and an Austrian, both gravely wounded. One of them handed a last cigarette to the other, and the other replied by giving to his enemy a drink of no less precious water from his canteen. He looked at Christ on the Cross and murmured, "After all, He loved us both."

I am one who doubts that Moody will ever pass out of the picture. I doubt it because Moody was never in any picture that did not include the Cross of Christ. He surveyed nations, religions, races, often differing from one another, sometimes hurting one another, and he said, "He loved you all."

What is it that the world is waiting for? It is the mind that is larger than the mind of man—the mind that includes the whole mind of man—the mind of

God Who is love. Everywhere are people who, lacking love, are not big enough for the job of life.

It is not Moody's particular job, astonishing though it was, that explains his meaning. It is a fact that he became big enough for whatever job might lie ahead of him. He showed others how they also might be big enough for their jobs. "God is able," he would say. Love will find a way, and this meant that a man filled with the love of God becomes the capable man that the world needs.

Eighty years ago Matthew Arnold stood in the chapel of Rugby School and contemplated the grave of his father, that great headmaster described in the story of Tom Brown when he was at Rugby. Arnold, the poet, wrote of his father what many a "Moody's man" would like to have written of Moody:

"Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of the day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

* * * * *

Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.

"Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering lines,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God."